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THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

YESTERDAY MORNING, a foggy day in November, I had barely left the Porch Room door to cross the road to Mark Lane Station when a hand was laid on my shoulder. Turning quickly I looked into the rosy, smiling face of Theophilus Grimston Brown. I need not describe that solid merchant of London City again: he is well enough known to long-standing readers of this JOURNAL.*

"Why, Grim," I said, "I haven't seen you for a whole year."

"That's a loss to both of us," he replied, with his enchanting twinkle. And leading me by the arm into the A.B.C. opposite he ordered coffee for two.

"What's the news?" I began.

"Well, trade in my line shows signs of looking up. But I've been kept pretty busy lately over this Christmas dinner business."

"What Christmas dinner business?"

"You know—the Prince's Christmas Eve show the other night."

"The other night! This is November: Christmas Eve was nearly a year ago."

"I'm talking of 1932," said Grim, "last week, I mean. Look here, old man," he went on, rubbing his forehead in comic perplexity, "you do always muddle me up so—let me tell you about it, if you haven't heard, and don't interrupt."

My old friendship with Grim has accustomed me to his queer sense of time. I have known him slip unwittingly into the past, centuries back, in the most matter-of-fact way. Why should he not as easily slip forward a few weeks into the future? "Go ahead," I said, "I'll be good."

"When I got my invitation," he began, "I was a bit puzzled, as I dare say you were. You got one?" (I shook my head). "O well, that must have been an oversight. As a member of a City Company, with my name in the telephone book and so on, I get dozens of these invitations from charitable societies in the year. You know the sort of thing: 'requests the pleasure of your company' . . . 'to have the honour of meeting Her Royal Highness So-and-so' . . . 'R.S.V.P. to Lord Thingumbob'—printed envelope for reply enclosed. A fairish dinner, a dullish speech, supplied by the secretary of the society and read out from a couple of typed sheets by the Big Noise—and a fiver in the plate at the end. An old gag that still works.

* See his stories, *A Little Route March* (August, 1925), *Queen Anne's Gate* (March, 1926), *The Prince's Motto* (August, 1926), *The Cross of Pride and the Cross of Pain* (August, 1927; reprinted June, 1932).

"But this one was a bit different—'H.R.H. urgently requests the presence of T. G. Brown, Esq., and Lady at dinner at the Blankester Hotel on December 24th to enlist his goodwill in a scheme of national importance' . . . 'Dinner tickets £1 1s. od. each'—rather odd, not even pretending to be a buckshee show like the rest of 'em.

"Well, of course, Maggie and I had to go—as good as a Royal command. The card said 'Decorations' and, by Jove, the room blazed with 'em: as you know I can only sport the M.M. and a General Service Medal. As for the ladies' jewellery—it was like the Opera on a gala night. *Everybody* seemed to be there, the Cabinet, Services, professions, the City, peeresses, actresses—regular Zoo of well-known faces. We overflowed the big dining-room: there were tables all over the ball-room, smoking room, even upstairs, somebody said—all joined up with loud-speakers. I was lucky enough to be in the main dining room. *Everything* happened strangely from the start. When we got in there was a band of shabby ex-service men in mufti playing, same as the one that spoils Sunday afternoon in our square. And there was a choir of Welsh miners tucked up on the platform with them. Flowers on the table were bunches of Haig poppies stuck in jam-pots; crêpe-paper tablecloth with Christmas bells printed on it, like a kiddies' party. And there were no waiters in boiled shirts—only a crowd of Rover Scouts and men in Toc H blazers and Boys' Brigade uniforms standing about: a few obvious pros, in mufti, were in charge of them.

"It was comic to see the consternation of some of the old boys who were used to dining out. But when the Prince came in, we pulled ourselves together and gave him a terrific cheer. There was no menu on the table but only a neat little song-sheet. The Archbishop said Grace—'supply the wants of others' and all that. And then the band struck up '*Jerusalem*' and we had to sing it. Quicrest start to any dinner I remember. We sat down—and then we had a chance to study the table a bit. A couple of knives, a couple of forks, a couple of spoons, and one tumbler instead of a complete half-section of wine-glasses. May I run through the courses? I like my food, as you know, but I don't talk about it usually, like some fellows. I tell you about it now because I've never enjoyed a meal more in my life. First of all, soup—not half-an-inch of turtle in the usual style, but a real full plate of Scotch broth, thick in vegetable matter, own brother to the one I had with you once in a coffee-shop in Rotherhithe. Some of the guests held off and only pretended to touch it when they saw the Prince tackling his with gusto. I finished mine to the last shred of cabbage. Just then the wine-waiter came round—and, bless me, if mine wasn't young Pozzy Green of our Toc H Group! 'Hullo, Grim,' he says cheerfully. 'Cyder or ginger beer?' He poured me cyder out of a whacking glass jug. Next a Rover looks over my shoulder and says 'Irish stew or cold beef and pickles?' I chose the beef, and got a couple of juicy sheets of it that nearly overlapped the plate. And then came 'Spotted Dog or cheese and biscuits?' I chose Dog—a good solid one like the Army, with a pool of treacle to help it down. Camp coffee, a big breakfast cup, to top up with. And then we stood, with our tumblers in our

hands, for the Loyal Toast. There was no toast-master to 'pray silence.' The Prince got up right away and said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, you may smoke: I hope you gentlemen have all brought your pipes.' The Rovers and Toc H blokes were going round with tin trays, loaded with Woodbines: anybody who wanted got a packet of five.

"While we were lighting up there was no chairman's palaver such as spoils half the dinners one goes to. The Prince began to speak himself. He started: 'My friends—I hope I can call you that' (loud applause, of course)—'you will all agree with me that our ally, the chef, has done us more than justice' (laughter and cheers, mostly genuine but, in some cases, a bit sarcastic, I thought) 'I only wish we could be sure that some of our fellow-citizens, whom I have been seeing on my travels up and down the country this last few months, were enjoying to-night the same good cheer as ourselves. You will wish me to be frank with you as to the object of our pleasant gathering to-night' (cheers): 'I will be almost shockingly plain with you about it.' Here the crowded rows of guests leant towards him, all ears; you could have heard a pin drop, almost an eye wink. I couldn't help catching sight, out of the corner of my eye, of the old Duchess of Axminster up the table—hard as nails, you know, but there she sat like a small child fascinated, mouth open, and the famous diamonds glittering as though she'd got palpitations.

"'The usual rule of dinners for charitable causes,' the Prince went on, 'is C.O.D., and in any case it is highly irregular to charge one's personal guests—as you are mine to-night—for their food in advance. I have done that without a blush, and I boast bluntly that you have all had your money's worth' (the guests didn't know how to take this, but most of them politely applauded). 'I do not claim to rank, as a financier, with the men of the Big Five, whom I am delighted to see here to-night—for I shall want their help later in the evening' (the governor of one Bank at least hid his feelings behind a grin). 'I have, in actual fact, already made a serious miscalculation. The sumptuous meal we have so much enjoyed together lands me with a considerable deficit. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sits near me, will sympathise with my feelings' (Laughter and cheers). "How shall I meet it? Shall I axe the kitchen staff?" (Laughter and 'No'). 'Very well then, to balance this budget means fresh taxes: you shall bear the burden with me. Together we are about to discharge an honourable debt.'

"The Prince went on to explain that the difference between the guineas we had paid and the beef and plum duff we had eaten was already spent, much over-spent. It had found its way into some thousands of the most stricken homes of the unemployed all over the country, not in cool cash but in an original form. As he began to describe this he glanced rapidly round the room as if to see that all doors were shut and no eavesdroppers present, and assumed most charmingly the air of a schoolboy conspirator. In an instant the huge company caught the infection. Maggie, beside me, pressed my hand, and portentous old Admiral Purpleton, sitting opposite, positively winked at me and giggled. A little army of people (I find now that Toc H did its full whack) had been working, he said,

under secret orders for weeks past. Spies had been everywhere—respectable school-masters and mistresses, officials at Labour Exchanges, heavy employers. Agents above suspicion had listened in at Distress Committees, lurked at street meetings, shadowed people home. Harmless-looking old ladies had turned informer, tired curates had proved to be untiring sleuth-hounds. The rest of the conspirators' army had acted on the information thus gained. Night after night, under the guise of innocent bridge-parties in a private house, or behind the locked doors of some stable or in a warehouse after hours, they had been sorting and listing and packing parcels, each one selected according to definite evidence in their hands. Clothes and boots and toys and tobacco and food, put together in varying ratio and in every big parcel one or two of the smaller items separately wrapped, with names on them like 'Jimmy' or 'Flo' or 'to our Little Nipper.' The label on the outside of every big parcel was the same: it bore a name and address under the printed legend in bold red letters 'Not to be opened until Christmas Day.' A week ago, the Prince told us, the packing operations stopped and the next stage began. Transport was mobilised with the same secret efficiency. The limousine of the 'boss' and the van of the firm reported side by side at the depot; a crew of benevolent gangsters, with their swag of parcels, boarded them and drove away. Miles away, maybe, in the heart of mean city streets or at the back of a mining village, the 'receivers' waited, unmolested by the police, in some quiet alley or ill-lighted yard. The transport drew up, was swiftly unloaded, and the gangster crew, with an air of jolly innocence, knocked at doors, dropped a parcel into the arms of some surprised woman or child who opened to them and, with the words 'Read the label: good-night,' disappeared before anyone could give chase. From first to last these volunteers had displayed a dangerous efficiency.

"By this time," continued Grim, "we had thoroughly caught the spirit of the game and were laughing uproariously at each new point. And then suddenly, at a change in the Prince's face and voice, we became serious. With the utmost openness and simplicity he told us of some of the places he had visited, of some of the homes he had seen, of men and women he had spoken to and of things they had said to him. He betrayed an extraordinary knowledge of the tragedies that lie half-hidden round us nowadays, and of the big forces which industry is up against. He spoke shortly, almost sharply, about all this in a clear voice, amid breathless silence from us all. It made an overwhelming impression on his guests. And then he went on: 'Father Christmas, who always tries to remain anonymous, will, as I have told you, be visiting some homes to-morrow which he would otherwise have passed over. That is something—a day's happiness, a week's smokes, a few months' clothing. But that is but a beginning. Christmas comes but once a year: we need the Christmas spirit all the year round. And it cannot for ever remain anonymous, ladies and gentlemen—the names it can bear may be *yours*. Father Christmas, if report be true, comes and goes by the chimney at midnight: the good neighbour goes in and out of the house openly at any hour that he may be welcome. It takes time and tact and conviction and a great love of one's fellow men to be truly a good neighbour. Have we those qualities amongst us? Can we now use them? I venture one small suggestion as to when and how

anyone here to-night, who feels so inclined, might proceed. When?—to-morrow morning. How? I put it like this:—you have all eaten very well to-night' (cheers—this time without any reservation) 'and you would, I know, feel that a special Christmas dinner to-morrow would therefore be sheer gluttony' (Laughter). 'I ask you, all the same, to have a special Christmas dinner—with some of your neighbours. You do not yet know their names, nor where they live, but I can tell you that before you leave this room—for I have some of my fellow-conspirators here: they are heavily disguised as waiters but they are, believe me, men not to be trifled with.' We all looked round at the eager faces of the youngsters who now stood against the walls of the room. They grinned and we laughed back, and then we all laughed loud together, peal after peal. 'At home in your larders,' he went on, 'the vast turkey solemnly awaits to-morrow, the mince-pies are piled on the shelf, the crackers are eager to burst their boxes, the special bottle of sherry to hear its cork drawn. The kitchen shall have its Christmas as usual, the dining-room may choose to keep it elsewhere.'

"'But remember this,' the Prince continued, 'you will need to exercise every scrap of imagination you possess. There is no harder trial of tact and taste and Christmas goodwill than this neighbourly act which I am suggesting to you now. You will need complete simplicity of purpose and person, simple in the way you come and stay and go. You will be guests and also hosts in another man's house—such a house as you have never lived in, perhaps never seen. Please forgive me reminding you of these things. I myself have seen a very little, but I can guess much.'

"He had spoken this very slowly and emphatically," said Grim, "and then he slipped into charming banter again. That was the wonderful part of his speech—he changed his mood so easily and compelled us to follow. He went on, 'How you are to get that turkey into brown paper, hot or cold, and how many mince-pies will fit a suit-case, and a dozen other pressing problems, I must leave you to solve. There is much to be thought of and little time for it between now and then. And now,' he added, 'one more thing. It is, I believe, a time-honoured British custom (and part of my duty in life is to uphold the etiquette of the country) that waiters at public dinners should make themselves scarce before the speeches begin and that their unobtrusive exit should take a particular form. I have noticed that they lean over each guest's shoulder and whisper "I'm just going now, Sir" (Loud laughter). 'Our waiters to-night have broken the first part of the rule: they have listened in to the only speech that has been made. I shall now encourage them to keep the second part of the rule: they will come and whisper that they are going—and, all the same, I hope they won't go' (Laughter and shouts of 'Bravo'). 'I come back to the point at which I started. There is—I say this very bluntly—a considerable deficit on our dinner, by reason of the depredations of Father Christmas of which I have told you. It is the wish of our waiters that any tips you may be pleased to give them shall go, unabated, to the balancing of our Christmas budget.'

"He sat down amid a regular storm of cheers, and everybody began talking at once. The young waiters, Scouts and Toc H and the rest, jumped out with their

tin trays again and began hoarse whispers of conspiracy all over the room—‘I’m just going now, Sir’ . . . ‘I hope everything is satisfactory, Madam.’ And then there was an extraordinary scene. I did not fully realise what was happening until I glanced at the Duchess of Axminster again. Her podgy hand, with all its rings, was fluttering about in agitation: it went towards her throat, came away, returned again. She bent her head quickly, slipped the catch of that marvellous necklace (ask Hatton Garden about those diamonds—they’ve got a history) and dropped it with a clatter on the waiter’s tray. She pulled his sleeve as he was about to pass on and tugged rings from her thick fingers—one, two, three. And then she sat there smiling, like a child, and I saw what you’ve never seen, my lad—a tear trickling down her nose. Old Admiral Purpleton, opposite me, exclaimed ‘God bless my soul!’ and planked down his gold watch and covered it up shyly with a fiver. Maggie lost an old brooch she’s very fond of—came from her grandmother—and I had to draw the line at her wedding ring. For myself, well, I miscalculated in the hurry of the moment and we had to share a cab with two other guests in order to get home.

“Meanwhile the band had struck up—old tunes, *Tipperary* and *Little Grey Home* and *The Long Trail*, same as they do in our square on a Sunday. And we couldn’t help but sing, of course; it eased people’s embarrassment while they were shelling out. And relays of waiters were following those with the trays, with neat slips typed with names and addresses and bits of information so that guests to-night could find their hosts for Christmas dinner to-morrow. It all went like clockwork, but it took a good long time. The songs went on and the laughter, and every now and again the Welsh pit-lads would sing one of those choruses to us, half battle-song, half-hymn, that always get me down when I pass ’em singing in the London streets.

“At last the Prince rose again and there was silence. ‘My friends,’ he said, ‘my advisers estimate that our Christmas budget will show a surplus.’ You should have heard the shout that went up! He held up his hand and remained standing like that, without speaking: we sat, not moving, waiting for something more. It came—the sound of bells pealing outside. Someone opened a door, and the sound swelled up and up. The hands of the clock over the high table pointed to midnight. Suddenly the Welsh voices from the end of the room burst out—

Come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant . . .
O, come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

“We stood, with one impulse, and sang with them as best we could. When it was finished no one moved for a tiny space. Then the Prince called out in a ringing voice ‘A happy Christmas to us and all our neighbours!’ Cheers and handshakes and even a spot of dancing in among the crowded tables—what a night it had been!”

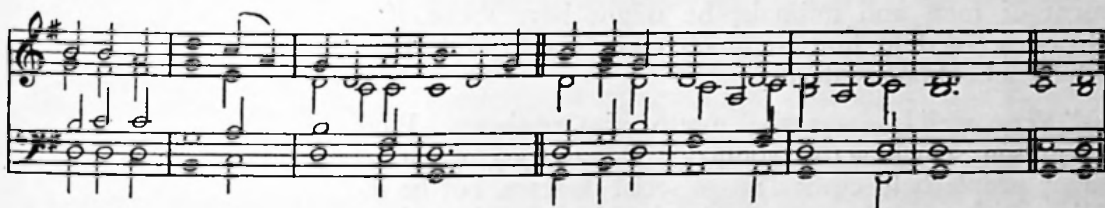
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"I say!" said Grim, "I've got to see a man in Mincing Lane at midday—and now it's ten past." We put on our hats hurriedly and he paid for the coffee. As I walked with him I asked "What happened on Christmas Day?"

"Lots," he said. "Maggie and I took our turkey for an airing to Rotherhithe, and didn't get home till pretty late that night. Old friends, you understand—been having a lot of bad luck lately. And the old Duchess of Axminster—we didn't really know her before, of course—insisted on tacking on to us, plus her own set of mince pies. Said she was afraid to go alone—afraid of herself much more than of the Communists her butler had stuffed her up with. She made us call her Mrs. Cranston—the family name, you know. She played up splendidly—no, she *was* just splendid. She *is*, when you get under that dry skin of hers. She's with the neighbours every week now. But that's another story. So long, old man!" And Grim was gone. B. B.

A GRACE.

The words and music of this 'Grace' are an offering to Toc H from their authoress, Miss DOROTHY HEWITT, the invalid cousin of a Toc H member and a constant JOURNAL reader. She writes to the Editor: "To think that it will go wherever the Light goes makes me feel very proud—and very humble." Surely this charming and simple Grace might sometimes be sung after 'Light' or homegoing prayers.



*Each day, O Lord, on Thee we call;
Before Thy Throne we humbly fall.*

*Be with us Lord throughout the day,
Else must our footsteps surely stray.*

*Withdraw not from us, God of Grace,
The shining Glory of Thy Face.*

*Saviour, when this world's stress is past,
Take us to live with Thee at last.*

Amen.

“FERGIE BEY”

The whole story of Vere Fergusson is told in “Fergie Bey,” published by Macmillan & Co. In the present article, Capt. “Archie” White, who is doing much to help Toc H at Sandhurst, gives a vivid outline of the career of one who deserves to be remembered among our Elder Brethren.

THERE is nothing on which the world is more insistent than that human beings should bear a label which will save their companions a little mental energy. The “good” and the “clever” must be recognisable at first sight, which perhaps is why

“It is seldom or never
That the two hit it off as they should;
For the good are so hard on the clever
And the clever so rude to the good.”

In his own way both clever and good, but forcefully refusing to be classified with either, Vere Fergusson lived his brief life. The son of a soldier, he realised at an early age that in action lay his vocation. Perhaps he might have ended as a sailor, had not the examining Board of Admirals stumped him with an essay on Joseph. “You may know him by his eye-glass,” he wrote, his mind hovering round the confines of politics. Of course, he failed; but what normal boy would have suspected a Board of Admirals of a predilection for Biblical knowledge? Later on he failed to enter Sandhurst; had there been an examination on the management of men and animals, he might have shone, for this kind of knowledge always seemed to him so much more worth while than the remote matters with which school-books dealt.

“Very well!” was the motto of Greatheart. Finding the highroad closed, Fergusson struck across country. It was 1909, when service in the ranks was by many people held equivalent to social disgrace, but he did not hesitate—he enlisted. His career was made no easier by the kind intentions of his grandfather, who “bought him out” in the following year. He enlisted again, and through the sweltering heat of a barrack-room in an Indian summer, slogged away at those subjects which he was told were necessary to success. In 1913 he was successful and was commissioned to the Cameronians.

His ill-luck did not entirely desert him. Just the type that could not fail to win distinction on active service, he was found in a sedentary occupation at Sierra Leone when the Great War began; and though, after many efforts, he did secure a brief spell of fighting in the Cameroons, he was too useful to be taken from Africa, and spent '17 and '18 in the Equatorial Sudan, cursing at missing the War, but cheerfully turning his hand to odd jobs in the cause of civilization, from “Fergusson’s Boy Scouts” (uniform, a loin-cloth) to tree-planting and athletic sports. “The competitors, however,” (he wrote) “couldn’t understand why they didn’t all get prizes, their argument being that they had all done the same amount of work *to amuse me!*”

But 'it is hard to keep a good man down,' as the Americans say; and the Sudan Government, after watching his ways with the natives, begged him to transfer to the Civil branch. So in the end, in 1921, he became District Commissioner of the Nuer country, a marshy territory of 10,000 square miles into which no white man had ever penetrated.

He had a free hand; but civil government was out of the question, for the Nuers were in all respects primitive, and moreover were among the most vain and vindictive people in Africa. Fergusson had first of all to gain their confidence, and then it would be time

To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride.

Until the day of his death, cut off from the pleasures of civilised life, he set himself to use every known means that would persuade the Nuers of the value of order, decency, and kindness—in short, of civilization. "I did two operations to-day," he writes, "removing a diseased heel, and scraping a diseased bone in a boy's leg. Yesterday I amused the people by showing them tricks. All went well until some powders, which were intended to turn water into wine, went bad from the heat; so I had to look wise, and pretend that I was handling the water to bring rain. By great good luck, it rained this morning."

In the time of Columbus, such methods seem to have brought a quick return; here they were countered by witchcraft, with a very evil purpose behind it. "Great excitement," Fergusson says, "caused by God having appeared a short distance from here. Marvellous miracles are reported—dead people brought to life, etc. I intend to visit the spot myself, and sacrifice a goat. It will be rather interesting to see what happens. . ." It *was* interesting, for he found the Sacred Pool, where the chiefs threw in an occasional sheep, that was at once drawn under by the god. Taking a sheep in his arms, Fergusson waded to the middle and dropped it. Naturally, it swam—the chiefs had pushed theirs in at the brink, where the weeds grew thick; but Fergusson was knocked under by adherents of witchcraft, and the god very nearly got *him*. However, he scotched that religion. It was hardly more than the daily risks of his life, though a little more spectacular.

In spite of a constant drain on his health through malaria and internal abscesses, he began to make headway, and ultimately triumphant progress. Horses, donkeys, prize cattle, corn, cotton seed, and green vegetables began to pour in—often bought from his own pay when funds ran short—and the margin between brutish savagery and Nuer life was visibly increased. His surgical practice constantly widened.

"I gave him a local anæsthetic," he says of one patient, "and had the old molar out in a jiffy—the lucky fellow felt nothing. By Jove, one has to pull like the devil to get the things out! I never dreamt they were in so hard." But all his activities in the end became subordinated to an intensive medical campaign against "yaws," a contagious suppuration which may end in deformity, and from which practically the whole population suffered. Fortunately, it is curable by an injection; he therefore persuaded the chiefs to send in their intelligent boys to be trained

as hospital dressers, and drew up statistics by means of bundles of straw; each long, middling or short straw representing a sick man, woman or child. Thereafter he would work his way round with speed and system, but with an expenditure of energy that would have killed many a man in a week. ("This afternoon we saw 200 sick, which brings my total for the past six days up to 2,275 patients—not so dusty for a one-man show, and a layman at that!").

By 1927 Fergie Bey had the Nuers "eating out of his hand." There were roads and embankments and landing-stages, on which lay a thousand sacks of the cotton crop. One of the Nuers, speaking of a neighbouring backward tribe, was heard to say, "Why don't they send their chiefs over to us to be taught how to administer? Give them to us for a week, and we'd make them see sense." "We started one morning early," writes Fergie, "and injected 919 patients in one day. We didn't have a single meal the whole day long, except a cup of tea at 4 p.m.; and when it got dark, I fixed my two big petrol lamps in the operating tent, and we carried on till we finished at 9 p.m. It nearly finished us."

The end of Fergie's work (which was but the beginning of his usefulness) came suddenly. There was a chief in whom he had specially trusted, and who vicariously exercised in his own locality the power of the white ruler. It became clear that he had abused that power. "I fear Mr. Garluark, whom I am going to see to-morrow, has put his foot in it badly. The blighter, taking advantage of my friendliness to him, has been fining his people right and left, and keeping the fines for himself. In the last year he has bought thirteen wives with the proceeds! I have now six of his near relations in chains for being in possession of stolen property, and it looks as if he might be there himself before long. . ." (Later) "I was sorry for him in a way, because I liked him; but I had to make him toe the line, and he's lucky that I haven't chucked him out altogether."

That was written in the first week of December, 1927. A week later, on the morning of the 14th of December, Fergusson was standing by the waterside at Lake Jorr, superintending the marking out of a new road. There was a sudden rush from a Nuer "deputation." He was speared—no, only grazed—he pulled out the spear, and threw it back. But the signal had been given, and another spear pierced his body. With a last thought for his servants—"I'm done. Run for the boat!"—he died in an instant. It was the work of Garluark, though others were the tools, and others paid the penalty. The rebels were captured and Garluark will end his life in the prison at Khartoum. "But" (says his biographer) "the whole life of the people went on, peacefully and industriously, under the guidance of the Chiefs, who had been taught their true business as Chiefs by Vere."

* * * *

It is improbable that Vere Fergusson ever heard more than a passing rumour of Toc H amongst the people from Khartoum. But is he not one of the Elder Brethren, and should not his memory be kept alive in Toc H? "*By those for whom he lived he died.*"

A. C. T. W.

"IT WILL TAKE MANY MEN"

TUCKED away in an odd Toc H corner of East Anglia is an odd little village. It is even odder than it used to be a couple of years ago, for then it had no Toc H Group. Now it has.

Last Christmas time the Group ran on Old Folks' tea and concert. There is nothing odd in that, for that's a job for Toc H anywhere, anyhow. The job is being repeated this year; but on this occasion with a difference.

To run an Old Folks' tea and concert is a comparatively simple matter when the "grub" and whatnot are scrounged. But to pay for "grub" for a hundred or so folks out of the pockets of members is the real Toc H way, especially when the cash is "fag" money. That is what this queer Group is challenging its members to do—to give up smoking and to put every penny into the pool for the Old Folks' party. They will go without smokes until enough cash is in the stocking. And that's *doing* a job! It's not new: others have done it before.

Members of Toc H in Great Britain and Northern Ireland could do a similar job if they were minded—not to provide cash to enable Old Folks to enjoy an hour or so of food and fun, but to form the nucleus of a fund for the benefit of the unemployed in their districts.

A really good *smoking* member is, roughly speaking, a "twenty-a-day" man. That represents a shilling, or seven "bob" a week. If only 3,000 "twenty-a-day" men honestly tackled the job for one week, say from December 11 (starting with the Chain of Light) to December 17, both dates inclusive, the total sum saved from smoke alone would be £1,050. Not a lot, to spread over more than 2,000,000 unemployed; but if *everyone* did it. . . !

If the theatre-going members would give up going to theatres for the same period; if the pint-a-day men would give up that; if Toc H members *could* take up the challenge and for just one week go without everything they *want* but don't *need*. . . . It will take many *men*. How many men are prepared to tackle it, and make a real week of it? ZED.

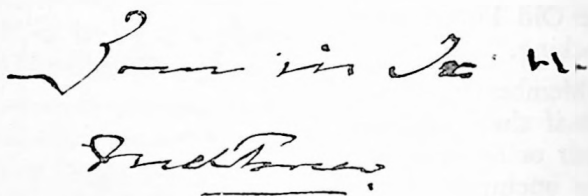
A PILGRIMAGE IN BRAILLE

TOC H IN MANY PLACES has set itself the happy task of getting into touch with its blind neighbours and bringing them into the full enjoyment of our family life. The printed word, as we all know, plays its constant part in Toc H, and there must be a number of Toc H members who can write the Braille type which opens this side of our fellowship to the blind, and many more who, without great trouble, could learn to do so. Already *Tales of Talbot House*, *Half the Battle*, and other Toc H literature is transcribed. There is also need for the passing happenings in our family to be thus offered to blind readers, and one recent instance, at least, points the way. Hubert Tell, a Leeds member, wrote, in Braille, an account of the Yorkshire Area Pilgrimage to Poperinghe in June in which he took part. It is not only most interesting thus to have his impression of things he was unable to see with the eyesight which is given to the rest of us, but it is a real boon to his fellow blind members.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

Field-Marshal Lord Methuen : A Vice-President of Toc H

THE death of LORD METHUEN on October 30, in his 88th year, removed from the English scene not only a hard-working soldier of the older school, but a chivalrous and unselfish servant of the country in many ways. When he spoke of "the War" it was the South African War of 1899-1902 of which he was thinking: it had brought him great responsibilities, serious reverses, imprisonment by the enemy and a wound which left him limping for the rest of his life. In the Great War he took over the Governorship of Malta (where Lord Plumer succeeded him), and afterwards he ended his career as Constable of the Tower of London. His connection with Toc H came about through the Cavendish Association, of which he was Chairman. When the Association was absorbed by Toc H in 1921, Lord Methuen elected, with many others, to transfer his membership to us, and was appointed a Vice-President. He never took a very active part but never lost his interest. Touching proof of this reached us a fortnight before he passed over. He received notice of the All Saints' Day corporate Communion at All Hallows and replied from his sick bed in his own handwriting, now almost illegible (the signature is here shown): "I regret that I have (been) laid up from Pneumonia and am not to attend on 1st instant.—Yours in Toc H, METHUEN." So he passed over—in the words of a writer in the *Times*, "a perfect knight who never swerved a hair's breadth from the path of truth and honour, and would never believe evil of any other man."



Leslie J. Waller : Deal and Walmer Group

LESLIE WALLER, who passed over on October 4, was until a year ago in the Merchant Service where he obtained a mate's certificate. Trade depression deprived him of his career at sea and he joined the County Police Force at Herne Bay. As a probationer of Toc H his cheerful acceptance of all jobs gained him the respect of all. By tragic coincidence his election to full membership was notified on the morning he died.

W. J. Steel : Mitcham Group

W. J. STEEL was initiated in the very early days of Mitcham Group, and his passing, on November 6, leaves a very big gap in their ranks, for he was always a staunch worker and a true friend. The Group offers its sincere sympathy to his widow and family.

NEWS OF ALL HALLOWS

All Hallows Berkyngeschirche by the Tower is the name on the cover of a (very roughly speaking) quarterly paper. No. 1 was published in April, 1924, consisted of four pages and cost 1d.; No. 16, after a long gap has just appeared for 'Allhallowmas,' 1932, has grown to 24 pages and is priced 6d. It contains news of the old Church, its structural repairs, its staff and hopes and finances, and of the many busy activities which now engage Toc H and others round about Tower Hill. Lovers of All Hallows, wheresoever they be, should not fail to write to the Porch Room for a copy.

THE FRANCISCAN WAY

The work of the Brotherhood of St. Francis has several times claimed notice in these pages (see JOURNAL for August 1923, April 1924, May 1925, August 1928) and is personally known to a number of our members. "BROTHER DOUGLAS" (Rev. Douglas Downs, an Anglican), the Prior of the Brotherhood, has had many years of hard struggle at his original home for homeless men, Flowers Farm in Dorset; and now at last he is seeing the fruit of his untiring faith in a Christian treatment of the 'down-and-out' wayfarer. No less than seven Homes of St. Francis, under his inspired touch, have now come into being, and further advance is in sight. Toc H members have been privileged to lend him a hand in several cases: in Sussex, Padre LIONEL MEADE (late of Mark V, now Vicar of Burwash) has recently got one Home going; in Hertfordshire, Padre GORTON (of Welwyn Garden City) is helping with another—which he describes in the following article.

THIS article might well have borne the title "Brother Douglas does it again," for the Homes of St. Francis, which are springing up as rapidly as Toc H Marks did at one period, are a direct result of his leadership and of the vision which he can communicate so effectively to a rapidly growing body of sympathisers and helpers. But in praising their work let us not rob the Brotherhood of their most prized possession, a humility which makes them see themselves always as poor tools, yet able to do God's work if they continually seek His will.

The Brotherhood of St. Francis is engaged in 'reconditioning' some of the Homeless Unemployed, who, in a rising tide, sweep backwards and forwards along the roads and through the casual wards of Great Britain. Their latest Home, the seventh under the care of these Franciscan Brothers, has just been opened at Holywell Hyde, Herts., and will shortly be able to house a total of forty men. Here is a practical example of their slogan "Put the Waste Men on the Waste Land." For seven years this beautiful farmstead, with good outbuildings and ample land attached, has decayed in complete neglect. This haunt of gypsies and other wilder creatures of nature had remained untenanted, and unvisited, at least by its parish priest. Nettles and bindweed grew breast-high in its fertile garden soil; hedgerows shot up into saplings and greenhouses sagged and expired in a crash of tinkling glass.

Under God it was apparently biding its time till one Monday morning, some twelve months ago, Brother Douglas, in his brown habit, came striding across from Hatfield to see me, and renew a long-standing friendship. He brought news of a successful local campaign, of sermons preached, and meetings held, resulting in the formation of a new County Committee, into which I was drawn. Then followed months of search in the obscurer corners of rural Hertfordshire, conducted mainly by our splendid secretary, Mrs. Elliott, with periodic reports of ill-success at Committee Meetings, held rather comically in an inner sanctum of one of the Big Five in Lombard Street. Not till then did I wake up to the fact that there was a farm right on my doorstep, but so tucked away as to have earned the nickname of "Holywell Hidden," which might be worth inspection.

The very first glance revealed such possibilities that there was no room for hesitation if it could be ours. This was just as well, for the choice meant for the

committee a radical alteration of previous ideas, and delicate negotiations to be conducted with the joint owners before their consent could be won. A brave decision had to be made to spend hundreds of pounds on buildings not our property, not up for purchase, and for which not even a proper lease could be obtained. Our sole security is the goodwill of the owners, expressed in allowing occupation at a peppercorn rent. Only the Franciscan spirit of caring nothing about the possession of property, so long as it can be put to proper use, could have carried the thing through, and a last-minute hitch nearly upset our apperect. For it was not until the very morning that Brother Douglas, with two helpers, had set off by car to Holywell Hyde that final permission to occupy it was received by telephone.

The start was typical. Brother Douglas arrived, plus bedding, minus bedsteads for three. A tin of beans, a quarter of a pound of tea, some cheese, a Primus stove, a small sickle, and a quite inadequate hammer, were to the best of one's knowledge most of his stock-in-trade. Discount on it had been won from a sympathetic Hertford tradesman, and it had been paid for from money pressed into the preacher's hand after the latest sermon. An hour previously we had secured two large and beaming charladies; together with pails, scrubbing brushes and coal, they had been wedged into a Baby Austin, extracted on arrival, and made to crawl through a paneless sitting-room window, after its protective boarding had been wrenched aside. They fully earned two days' pay, plus dirt money, and still keep up their connection by a weekly walk there together with their offspring.

From that first strange beginning the Home has gone forward keeping its character of a thrilling and all-engaging picnic, with the underlying conviction that its unusual course is daily directed by a very special Providence. A stream of gifts or the offer of them, whether of material or people, flow up to the Home, along the little road once quite deserted, carried largely by the rising tide of unemployment, and the eddies it sets up in society. Brother Douglas stands, so to speak, on dry land, fishing out, maybe, an old window-pane, and trying to fit it to a windowless stable. The flotsam of unemployed young manhood drifts to the door, and choice has to be made whether this particular one can help or be helped. Others afloat in their own canoes hail the shore with offers of assistance. Thus we secured as temporary warden and housekeeper Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett, a master and his good wife from Sherborne School, who spent the whole seven weeks of their holidays in temporary direction. On their departure their place was filled by Miss Patch, a retired lady missionary, who sold up her home and has become installed in her position as Matron. The local Toc H Group has done yeoman service, as well as many other individuals of all ranks.

Under the direction of a jobbing builder and one or two professionals, the team of ten residents has in three months got more than halfway through the programme of repairs and construction. This has involved a drainage system, with a great concreted cesspool—reinforced with old bedsteads, picked up off a neighbouring London rubbish dump, and the adaptation of a range of farm buildings to sleep and feed thirty men and to provide workshops, chapel and recreation barn. Progress was advanced enough to enable us to hold the opening service

in our real pride, a Tudor barn, with windows let in and a stage erected, and to feed three or four hundred guests in a newly-boarded dormitory, once a cow-shed. Already the Toc H Song might well be on our lips:—

We are the Builders,
God hath chartered us. . .
Whom the Lord helpeth,
He builds mightily;
All that He foundeth
Stands eternally.

“What can we do to help?” is a repeated query of almost all who see or hear of the work of the Homes, and no doubt Toc H will want that question answering too. No wonder the question is asked so persistently, for behind it there lies that vast bewilderment, and desire to find some constructive way out, not merely of the problems of unemployment but of those of employment as well, a desire to be rescued from a commercialized society, in which even those who win success or security fail in finding peace of mind. One can see in the eyes of thoughtful strangers a sort of envy of the waifs now come home; when men leave for good jobs they look back to the better time when they earned nothing at the Home; some men, who once measured success in pounds per week, turn over in their minds whether or no they should offer to be trained as penniless servers of the Brotherhood. Is our vast and overblown world thinking of bending down to peep inside the humble cave of Bethlehem, and asking Brother Francis to open the door and reveal the Object of its search? Tubby at a recent Conference at the Church House stated that people would be converted through any work done in the Franciscan spirit, which he believed to be of the very nature of the life of the Church.

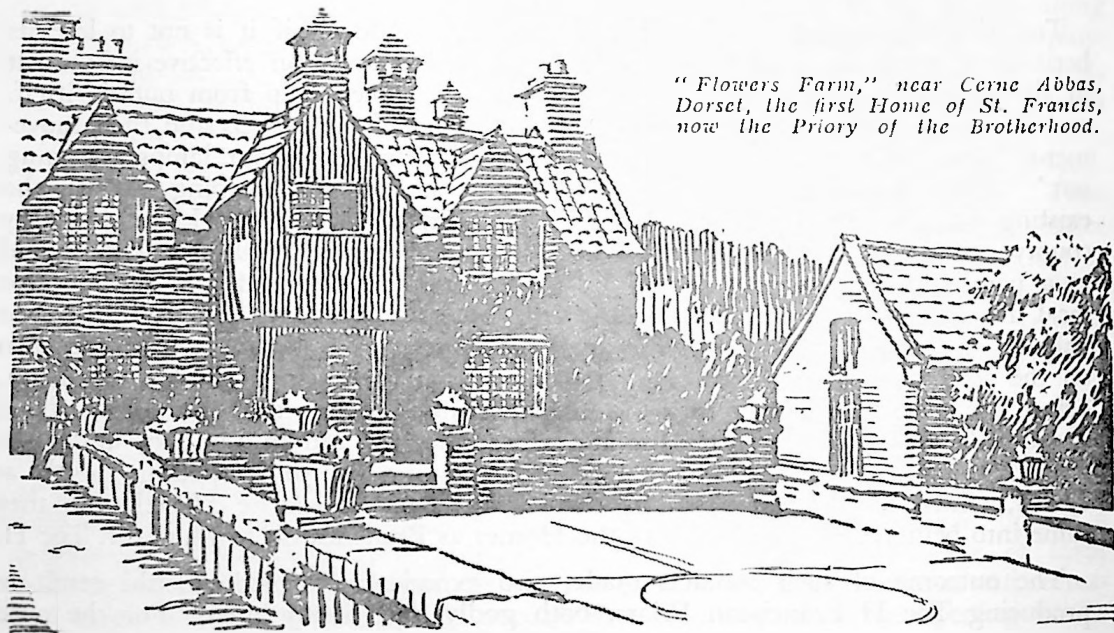
Toc H needs to turn constantly to the Franciscan ideals if it is not to lose its heritage amongst its commercial environment, and is to be an effective instrument in altering those surroundings. In this task it may need help from outside itself, and above all at this moment from the Brotherhood of St. Francis and their movement. Some of us may need to say ‘Give us of your oil, for our lamps are going out.’ First, this can be done by establishing contact and keeping it with the existing Homes, and by furthering their programme for future Homes in every county. Secondly, regular visitation of local casual wards should be started, and as a parallel work, support should be given for furthering self-help schemes for local unemployed. Again, Toc H, with the necessary assistance of L.W.H., might help to organize in towns, where casual wards exist, rest rooms where the men on the road can be given tea, and a welcome, on their arrival in the afternoon, before the time for turning into the Casual Wards. Three such the Brotherhood are already partially responsible for at Oxford, Slough, and in London, under the immediate control of the Guild of Our Father, and a fourth is opening shortly at Yeovil, which has been put up by men from their Sherborne Hostel. As they came into being they would rank to the Homes as Branches do to Marks in Toc H.

The outcome of such contacts made, and experience formed, should result in producing Toc H Franciscan Friars, both godly and handy men. For the need

is not merely for new Homes, but for more Friars to man them, who will move amongst England's floating and destitute population and for the love of Christ voluntarily share their compulsory poverty. In the ranks of Toc H there are men to be found already half trained and prepared for this vital work, if they but hear its call. Many a man, conscious of some such inner urge to serve God and his fellows in a more devoted manner than ordinary circumstance allows, knocks vainly at the door of the sacred ministry, or finds his present outlet in social service falls short of his ideals. 'Who knoweth whether thou art not come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?' The life of a Brother contains the promise of a grand happiness, of a fruitful activity shed abroad, not merely upon the outcast or neglected, but permeating like rays of hope all those who turn to gaze, showing them the vision and promise of a world made once more a Home.

GORTO.

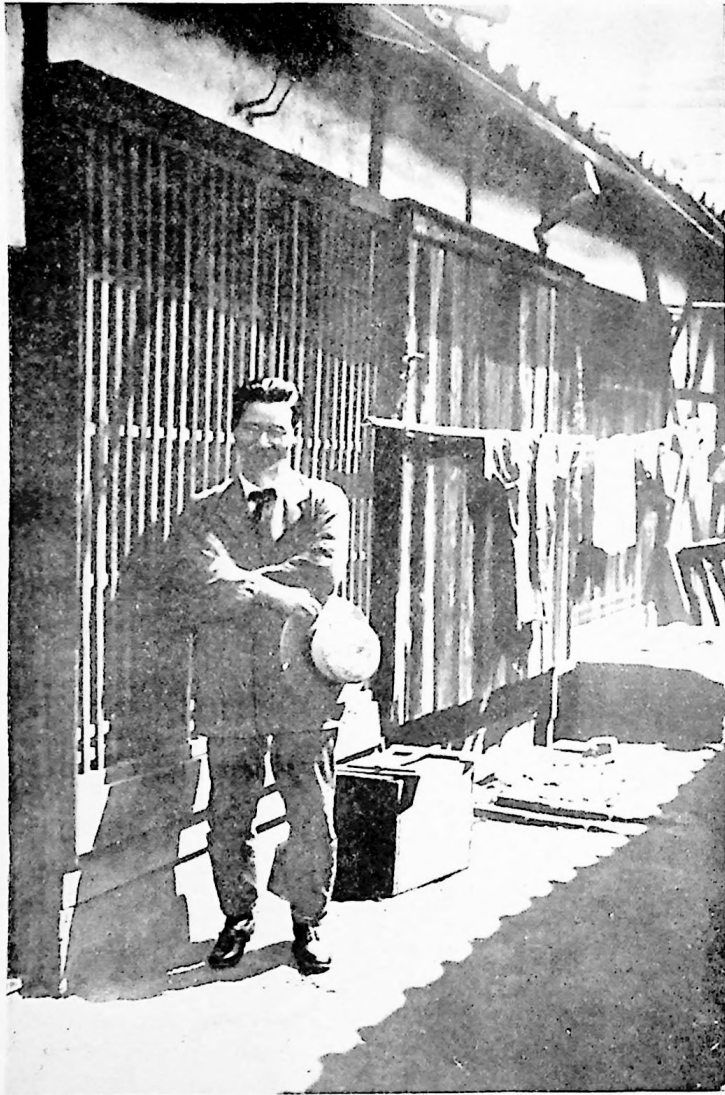
[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The systematic visiting of casual wards is being attempted by Toc H in various places already, notably in the South Western Area (members might refer to Padre Norman Knock for its possibilities and some of its 'snags'). Interested members who have opportunity should, above all, get in touch with the Brotherhood of St. Francis and pay a personal visit to one or other of their homes—The Priory of St. Francis, Cerne Abbas, Dorchester, Dorset (Secretary, Brother Arthur); The Temple-Gairdner Hostel, Lenthay Common, Sherborne (Superintendents, Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard); The Home of St. Francis, Wallcrouch, Ticehurst, Sussex (Warden, Rev. Lionel Meade); The Home of St. Francis, Middlebank, Dunfermline, Fife (Warden, Brother Alec Christie); The Home of St. Francis, Holywell Hyde, Hatfield, Herts. *The Floweret*, the magazine of the Brotherhood (1s. 6d. a year) is printed by Brothers at the Priory, Cerne Abbas.]



"Flowers Farm," near Cerne Abbas, Dorset, the first Home of St. Francis, now the Priory of the Brotherhood.



ABOVE: The Brothers 'dig themselves in' at Holywell Hyde.
BELOW: Brother Douglas, 'Master Builder.'
(Photos by Photo Press).



KAGAWA, in his cheap suit, standing outside his "six-by-six" home in the Shinkawa slums.

(Block kindly lent by the Student Christian Movement Press).

KAGAWA

IN a well-known American paper there recently appeared an article in which the writer compiled a list of the seven most influential men of this century. The list contained such names as those of Lenin, Mussolini, Sun-Yat-Sen, and Einstein. Third on the list was the name of a man unknown to most of us, and yet the more we know of him the more we are convinced that his name has the right to be there—the name of Toyohiko Kagawa of Japan. For some years now Kagawa's name, extracts from his writings, and stories of his amazingly selfless life have slowly been getting known here. Actually, he has twice paid brief visits to this country, but even on these two occasions he has gone in and out amongst us for the most part unknown and unrecognised. It has been left for the Student Movement Press* to give us the first account in broad outline of his work, and of the position and influence he has won in his own country.

Born forty-four years ago, the unwanted child of a Japanese nobleman and a dancing girl of light feet and lighter morals, there is nothing in either heredity or his early environment to explain the phenomenon that he has now become. His childhood, which was as loveless as his birth was unwanted, was spent largely in a country village where he was brought up by his father's legal wife and his grandmother. It was when he was about eighteen years of age, and was feeling bitterly the despair to which Buddhism often gives rise, that he first came into contact with Christian influences. In a letter to a friend at this time he wrote: "I have shouldered the burden of lofty principles and shining ideals, but when the dream of life ends will there be anything but a cold corpse left? Ashes the goal towards which I move! The thought of it drives me mad."

Like many another Japanese boy of his age he was fascinated with the unfolding mysteries of modern science, a fascination which has remained with him till this day, making him what he calls a "Scientific mystic." In order to read and understand what science had to teach, a knowledge of English was essential to him. It was an attempt to try out his hardly-acquired English words and phrases which led him to go sometimes in the evening to the home of two Scottish missionaries, where there was always to be found food, friendship, and good talk. But he found more than this, more even than an opportunity to improve his English: he found new ideas about God, and life, and the hereafter.

He had by this time become an insatiable reader, and among the books which he borrowed and read was the story of Canon Barnett and his work in the slums of East London around Toynbee Hall. Kagawa was deeply moved, and was fired to spend his own life in some similar form of service for the poor and needy. Before, however, he could make any definite plans, he was stricken down with tuberculosis, a disease which ravages the youth of Japan, and for two years he had to fight hard for his life. Recovered up to a point, he went back to his college work, and resolved to be ordained. He could not, however, wait till his college course was completed before beginning his tasks of pity and love. While he was still a student he outraged all undergraduate decencies by sharing his room with a ragged, lousy beggar.

* *Kagawa*, by William Axling. Student Christian Movement Press, 6s.

It is difficult for us to appreciate the change that has come over Japan within the last two generations. Fifty years ago she was a stronghold of the "unchanging East," to-day she is in the forefront of every modern movement. This change has only been effected at a great price. It has meant the coming not merely of every modern convenience, but also of some of the greatest curses of the modern industrial system—sweating, slums, prostitution, a high infant mortality, and the like. Twenty years ago the slums of the great Japanese cities were terrible to behold, alike in their filth and wretchedness and in the moral degradation that existed in them. It was into the midst of one of the worst of these slum areas that Kagawa "took a straight header." On Christmas Day of 1909 he moved into a "six-by-six" hut in the Shinkawa slums. There he was to live for fifteen years, carrying on a relentless war against filth and ignorance and vice.

It is particularly his life in the slums, with its acceptance of poverty, and its complete identification with the sorrows and needs of those around him, that have gained for him the title of the "Japanese St. Francis." It is a curious and striking coincidence that, just as Francis at the very beginning of his life was challenged by a leper and enabled to overcome his own fears and prejudices, so Kagawa, had to meet a similar experience. The very first night he had taken up his abode in his "six-by-six" in the middle of the slums, there came to the hut a beggar, covered from head to foot with contagious itch. Kagawa looked at him, and as he gazed he could hardly keep back his fear and loathing at the sight of the itch blotches. Then the thought came, "this is God testing me"; he took the man in and shared his bed with him. And in due time he himself knew the horrors of that foul disease.

The experiences of that first night were repeated night after night. He had not been down in the slums many days before he had collected a strange company of the flotsam and jetsam of life round him. Soon he was sharing his tiny hut with ten "down-and-outs"; literally it was necessary to remove some of the walls before this strange motley could bed down for the night. The story of how he tended and cared for these moral and physical wrecks is one which is almost beyond human belief. At one time he was nursing a man in the last stages of tuberculosis, caring for a mentally deranged boy, and sheltering a sick prostitute; and all out of an income of £2 2s. od. per month. For fifteen years he visited the sick; he comforted the sorrowing; he fed the hungry; he lodged the homeless; he was elder brother to the fallen. It is an almost incredible story.

All these unceasing activities came, however, under the heading of social palliatives and Kagawa was not the man to be content with that. It was not enough for him to try and botch up the broken lives he found all round him: he was driven to probe behind the symptoms to the root cause of the disease. This he found in the industrial and economic order. The root of the trouble lay in the long hours, the monotonous drudgery and the sweated wages of the vast majority of the factory workers. The factory system in Japan was entirely without control of either wages or conditions of employment. It was out of this discovery that there was born Kagawa the agitator, the labour leader, the bitter and forceful critic of the present economic order, the Christian Socialist. All his championing

of the under-dog has sprung from the deepest religious, as opposed to economic or political, convictions. If we would understand him aright, we must never for one instant lose sight of that fact. It is not because he is interested in this or that economic theory as such, that he has done so much to create the Labour Movement of Japan. It is because he has learned from Christ the infinite worth of every human being.

It was in 1921 in connection with the Kobe dockyard strike that his leadership was first acclaimed. Those with whom he had lived and suffered found that they had in him no dreamy visionary who was moved by a vague sympathy with their lot, but a hardheaded and practical leader with a programme which achieved very definite results. His investigations at this time led to the further realisation that it was not merely low wages and bad conditions in the factories which were filling the slums. Alongside of this there was the additional problem of the strangling, by absentee landlords, of the tenant-peasant-farmer, upon whom Japan largely depended for her food supplies. Immediately he had grasped this, he began vehemently to take up their cause.

It seemed at this time as if he were going to become one of the great popular heroes of the Labour Movement; when he was discharged after one of his several imprisonments for championing the cause of the depressed classes on the public platform, a crowd, many thousands strong, welcomed him at the prison gates. Just at the time when his popularity seemed assured a wedge was driven in among his supporters by those who wished him to identify himself with revolutionary methods and the stirring up of class war. When he refused to do this his leadership was repudiated by one section, and he is to-day one of the most dearly loved and best hated men in the country. Yet he still stands fearlessly for an essentially Christian outlook on all social questions, daring to declare to friends and foes alike that "if we do not discount Christ's teaching, but take it seriously and live it adventurously, we shall be able to do far more than Russian Communism ever dreams of doing towards building a better world."

Despite the fact that he is suspect in many quarters, alike among those who worship "things-as-they-are" and among those whose sympathies are with the growing Communist opinion, his authority and prestige continue to increase. Many facts could be adduced in support of this; two will suffice. His "header" into Shinkawa 'put the slums on the map of the national consciousness.' For years he pleaded—on the platform and in the press and by novel writing—the cause of those who lived there, until at length his incessant attacks moved the authorities. In 1926 the Government, moved by his words and writings, set itself to wipe out, in six years, the slums of six of the largest cities and earmarked a sum of £2,000,000 for this purpose. Again, Japan, no less than America or our own country, has felt the effects of the world trade depression. Unemployment has within the past two years assumed terrific proportions, and this in a country where there is no unemployment insurance, and where organised relief has proved itself utterly inadequate to cope with the situation. Just a year ago, the Mayor of Tokio, realising that in face of so desperate a position some measures must be taken, launched a vast scheme of social welfare. He persuaded Kagawa to become chief

adviser. The appointment called forth much opposition, both from those who criticised him as a visionary and those who thought of him as a dangerous revolutionary, but the Mayor knew his man and was unmoved. Within five months after assuming office Kagawa had prepared and carried through the City Council an insurance scheme which guarantees employment to the city's workers or gives them protection while unemployed, a thing unheard of in the East before.

One significant fact emerges; when he was asked to undertake this work he was offered a salary equivalent to £1,800 a year. He took the job, but refused one penny of pay for it. He and his wife (but for whom his work could not for one day go on) live in the very simplest way; their budget for themselves and their three children comes only to £8 per month. "I hate things which only cause trouble," he says. "If possessions abound there is a haunting fear they may be stolen; if you are beautifully gowned you worry lest your garments be soiled." This from a man who in the past ten years has made at least £20,000 by his writings—for his novels are all best-sellers: *Across the Death Line* has run to more than 250,000 copies. Every penny he has made by his writings has gone to the support of his three settlements for children, and for the sick and distressed.

Though so much of his life has been spent in organising and in deeds of practical service, it is always his contention that "no -ism will ever bring in the Golden Age." It is, he says, "the Gospel of Christ which is the hope for society as well as for the individual. Unless Christ is made the centre of the social movement, the world is doomed. If Christians were living the programme which Christ laid down in the Sermon on the Mount, there would be no place for the Reds and Russian Communism in the world to-day." His passion and energies are therefore at the moment being poured into the "Three Years' Movement," which is an attempt to do for Japan in religious and moral and social ways what the "Five-Year Plan" is designed to do for Russia. His challenge is clearly and unmistakably Christian; the Cross is central to it. It is a hard challenge with which he faces men, but then he does not believe that "Christianity is a religion for sensible men, but for men gone mad with love for God and man."

His religion has made of Kagawa a great saint, but it has also made of him a great patriot. Sometimes the hardest thing the true patriot is called upon to do is to speak the truth to his country. This has been demanded of Kagawa. At a time when the danger of hostilities between his country and China was very great, and when national sentiment was running very high, he dared to send a message of goodwill from himself and many of his countrymen "who were bitterly opposed to sending any troops," to his fellow-Christians in China.

A little man with eyes deformed through disease caught in the slums, dressed like a workman in a cheap suit; a man who is at once pastor and teacher, trade unionist and politician, economist, novelist, poet and evangelist—this is Toyohiko Kagawa, one of the most prominent personalities of all Japan. Both by what he is and what he does, he commands the sympathy and attention of ToC H members scattered throughout the world.

D. J. W.

THE CEREMONY OF LIGHT IN CHURCHES

This statement has been drawn up by the Administrative Padres at British Headquarters. It has been considered by the Central Guard of the Lamp and is fully endorsed by them.

CHRIST, in re-stating the ten restrictive laws of the Jewish dispensation in the form of two positive commandments, established a principle of affirmations instead of prohibitions, from which the Church has departed from time to time, but only, as history shows, to her own great detriment. Toc H, true to the spirit and methods of its Master, took at its rebirth four guiding principles by which to steer its course. It eschewed negatives and set out to build on affirmatives, believing that to define is to confine, and to say "Thou shalt not" is to invite opposition and to produce rebels.

This is not, therefore, an attempt to lay down a rigid rule governing the use of the Ceremony of Light in places of worship, for it is impossible to foresee future developments or to legislate for every possible eventuality. Moreover, guiding principles are truer to the spirit and genius of Toc H than rigid rules, and less likely to hinder growth or to cramp initiative. At the same time there is an obvious need for this memorandum.

There are three main dangers to the use of the Ceremony of Light in Churches:—

1. The danger of identifying too closely with Institutional religion Toc H's own peculiar symbol and ceremony. It is for this reason that Light is not encouraged to be taken in conjunction with Family Prayers.
2. The danger of Toc H being identified in the public mind in any place with the particular denomination of the Church in which the Ceremony is performed, thus robbing the Ceremony of Light of much of its present unifying power.
3. The danger of the Ceremony being mis-used for publicity or stunt purposes.

It would be disastrous if the Ceremony of Light became a stunt spectacle competed for among various churches; but it would also be a tragedy if Light could never be held within Church buildings. The great main point is that Light should not be part of any ordinary service. Toc H is not a secret society, excluding visitors; but, on the other hand, its ceremonies cannot be tacked on to a normal service, nor performed by non-members; nor used as an advertised inducement to secure the presence of members, or of the public, in competition with their own Church loyalties.

If all this is safeguarded, the Ceremony of Light need not be excluded from forming part of Toc H Festivals within a church *lent to Toc H* for the occasion. The church is, for the Festival, the agreed roof above the Family. It is not Church of England, or Church of Scotland or Methodist or Congregational. It simply is a place of holy meeting, appropriate to the Family and their friends.

There is no objection to the holding of the Ceremony of Light in places of worship on weekdays, provided the service at which it is held is one for which Toc H is responsible and provided that such service is held with the sanction of the Area Padre.

But it is in the interests of Toc H as a whole that the Ceremony of Light should not be used in church on Sunday, nor be incorporated in any way into the usual services of a church, whether held on Sunday or weekday.

The Lamp is not primarily a Lamp of Remembrance, yet its use on such occasions as National Commemorations, Memorial Services and Armistice Day is not unfitting, if generally desired and provided the broad principles given above are regarded and the main purpose and well being of Toc H as a whole is borne in mind.

M. P. G. LEONARD; OWEN S. WATKINS. *Administrative Padres.*

A BAG OF BOOKS

Towards a Goal

The Fountain. By Charles Morgan. Macmillan, 7/6d.

Culmination. By John Furnill. Elkin Matthews & Marrot, 7/6d.

The novel has many uses. It may pleasantly pass a tedious hour in the train. It may titillate one's sense of humour or pander to one's unfulfilled wishes. It may transport one from unwelcome surroundings to far countries and past ages. At its greatest, it may 'purge the soul with pity and terror.' Nor is that the end. At the present time, many men who have a message to give, choose rather to clothe it in the appealing colour and movement of a plot, where readers may see philosophy in practice rather than in the more forbidding austerity of a treatise. The novel of to-day often expresses the most forward-pressing of man's ideas. Here are two of the highest importance.

The Fountain has a double theme—the hero's search for an inner quiet and sufficiency, and his contact with people and circumstances which either help him forward or hold him back. Lewis Alison finds himself one of a band of English officers interned in Holland in the Spring of 1915. The tiny world of their prison is a still backwater from a mad and turbulent Europe, and Lewis welcomes this long-desired opportunity for work and meditation. Gradually he struggles towards philosophic calm and certainty, while his spiritual growth gains the deepening admiration and devotion of his fellow officers. The restrictions are eased, and he is moved to the ancient castle of an aristocratic Dutch family. There he meets and falls in love with the English wife of a Prussian officer at the front. His hard-won inner peace is disturbed and broken. And here the finest part of the book describes Julie's first deflection of his purpose, her growing appreciation, and then her final strengthening and enriching of it. Her husband returns from the war, broken and mortally wounded. The two men, each instinctively feeling the calibre of the other, cement a deep friendship. And the dying German, becoming now the Englishman's teacher, blesses with his last strength the union of Lewis and Julie.

The quiet, lovely descriptions of the Dutch countryside, the sharp, clear portraits of officers and peasants and the Dutch family, the urgency and sincerity of the struggle of Lewis and Julie, the calm dignity of the tortured German, are drawn with the pen of knowledge and infinite sympathy. The language is as certain as its lesson of peace and understanding. *The Fountain* is like a cut diamond, with a polish and perfection of outward expression to match an inner core of imperishable truth.

Lewis' quest towards an inner and ultimate truth is carried far beyond his groping by the author of *Culmination*. The still, somnolent background of Dutch landscape in *The Fountain* throws the chaotic, shifting scene of *Culmination* into feverish and urgent relief. It is set in the world of to-day, a world torn and inflamed by wars and rumours of wars, by hatred, envy and malice, and by a great bewilderment. Into this scene, localised and typified in the feverish microcosm of a Fleet Street newspaper office, there breaks the tidings of a scientific invention which has at last broken down the barrier between this physical world and the next. One morning the world is confronted by a new teaching, a superphysical message bringing truth and the chance to straighten its terrible entanglement.

And it is at this stage that the purpose of the novel is revealed. The two middle chapters and an appendix detail the teaching and philosophy which it is Mr. Furnill's

object to convey. It is a philosophy both new and infinitely old, and it is presented as an answer not only to the great eternal questions of life and death, but, by the application of universal laws, to those immediate and pressing problems of our world civilisation also.

Disaster, cataclysm, the destruction of our civilisation and the tiny, dauntless beginning of a new and better one, bring the book to a final focus-point of certainty and faith.

As a story, *Culmination* is dramatically exciting; as a philosophy it is infinitely more so. As a literary work of art it lacks the polish and technique of *The Fountain*; as a mirror of world politics some few may see distortion in it. But grasping the far greater message, small cavillings fade on one's lips. Some will read the story and skip the philosophy (simple and understandable as it is). Others will absorb the philosophy and ignore the story. It does not matter. Both teach the same lesson—the unity of religion and science and world affairs in spiritual truths which embrace the whole universe.

There are an infinite number of books published to-day which mirror the destruction, the doubt, the bewilderment, and occasionally the dim hope and unexpressed longing of the present time. There are few which with the calmness of certainty point out a universal path of harmony and construction. For that reason alone, I would urge all who search for truth to give this book the trial of their open minds. It is a personal opinion, but I believe that none will be disappointed.

R. G. C. S.

Home Life

The Diary of Toc H Mark I, 1927-1930. Privately printed for Mark I. *Minimum* price 5s.

Many Houses and Branches of Toc H have at one time or another joined the ancient company of Diarists; most of them have struck the old rock on which diaries are continually wrecked, they have seen their ship, launched by Good Resolution, submerged, after a brief voyage, under the seas of everyday business. In other words, many start diaries, but few keep them up. The Diary of Mark I has been kept going more consistently than most, changing hands and styles, languishing a little at intervals but bravely getting on its feet again. This imposing volume of 134 pages reproduces but a slice of the cheerful log of the House. It opens on July 4, 1927, and closes on December 31, 1930. The choice of the first day's entry is no accident, for that was the date on which "a storming party moved into the new House" in Notting Hill—after seven historic years, as the senior Mark of Toc H, in Queen's Gate Gardens. The value of the book is that it is so unself-conscious: it was not written with any thought of publication. As Tubby says in his introduction "the book is not intended to be a treatise upon the ideals of Toc H, but a mere light-hearted record of a light-hearted family." The humour of the moment breaks out all over the place and it is (in Tubby's words) so "full of non-existent scandals" and records of 'rough houses' that the solemn stranger might easily get an impression of Toc H difficult to square with what he hears of it from the pulpit. And yet, as we who are inside this family know, there is no contradiction. Grave and gay alternate and are mingled—bewilderingly sometimes when you aren't used to it—in the life of Toc H. To those who picture Toc H as a mildly pious society this book should be a sharp corrective; to those who lament the decline of its spontaneous happiness a vigorous tonic; to all who have ever been hostellers of Mark I and are now scattered throughout the world a constant reminder of great days; to every Toc H member who reads it an authentic sample of the family life in which serious purpose often masquerades in motley.

The Living Bible.

A Running Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Luke. By E. W. S. Packard, Chaplain of Sedbergh School. S.C.M. Press: Cloth 5s., Paper 3s. 6d.

This is just the sort of book a great many of us, however much or little we know about the Bible, will find an absolute God-send. Most short commentaries are terrible, with their lists of "miracles wrought on the Sabbath" and brief paragraphs which tell all that an enquiring person does not want to know about the Pharisees and the Herod family.

Padre Packard is a Toc H member, well known to many of us. His book has its faults, which are more apparent to the jaundiced eye of the "trained theologian" than to the average Christian man. There is at least one point (the meaning of the phrase "the Son of Man") which is awfully important for an understanding of what Jesus really taught, where he does seem very unsatisfying and a little self-contradictory.

But his merits more than atone for such defects. He does not shirk the ordinary reader's difficulties. He frankly faces elements in the Gospel story which look as if they are alien from the true mind of Jesus (*e.g.*, the top of p. 87) and he is satisfying over that very perplexing "Parable of the Unjust Steward" in Luke 16.

He tells you just the things which (granted you are intelligent) you do want to know; on pp. 31-37 there is an excellent and interesting summary of the general condition of Palestine in our Lord's day, giving an idea of the background against which the Gospel was first preached. His remarks shed all manner of fresh light on the text of St. Luke.

We dare to hope that the S. C. M. Press will make this only the *first* of a series of commentaries on New Testament books executed in the same spirit and along similar lines. Such a series would meet a real need.

R. C. T.

Stories and Lessons—The Old Testament for Home and School. Part I.—Genesis. By Marion Power. S.P.C.K., 3/-.

Only those who have tried, either as parents or as teachers in a Sunday School, know the real difficulty of teaching children the Old Testament. Some try but give up because they realise the difficulties involved through their own lack: others unhappily do not realise the truth of the position and go on, with the result that the child gains wrong ideas of God which have to be painfully unlearned later on. Some others are able to teach the Old Testament at once to children, so that they can appreciate it immediately, and so that subsequently they have nothing to learn. After all, it is not so very difficult to do that, given the will to do it, when once you know how.

Mrs. Power's book is eminently one which will tell you how. Her own rather modest claim is that "this book is intended for children who will begin systematic lessons on the Old Testament between the ages of eight and ten years. It is an attempt to put the Old Testament above modern treatment without the loss of its spiritual value." The book also interprets the Old Testament as introduction to the New. Our own opinion is that Mrs. Powers succeeds notably in her attempt and that this is a book that Toc H members, faced with needs of this sort, will find most valuable.

Corn in Egypt. Nisbet, 3/6.

Among the names of the laymen of our time who have made a very real contribution to religious life must be included that of E. R. Appleton, West Regional Director of the B.B.C., who made the Cardiff Station a spiritual home for many thousands of listeners through his founding of the Silent Fellowship, since which its fame has been enhanced by his Bible stories, related to his children, Betty and Joan, with dramatic illustrations. In his little book, just published, Mr. Appleton has taken one of his series of talks and adapted them for stage production by children "to supplement the religious teaching already given in the schools." The subject taken is the life of Joseph depicted in five short plays. His purpose is to show the development of the Israelite race as a prelude to the unfolding of the revelation of God and His purpose; emphasizing particularly how God provides for his people and demands of us "originality, boldness and courage." Betty and Joan and their father act as a kind of Greek chorus introducing and commenting on the dramatic pictures of the incidents in Joseph's life. A good deal of the book is also devoted to a very thorough, yet simple guide to production, scenery, clothes, lighting, make-up and effects.

We incidentally learn that the problem of reproducing the sound of the roaring furnace into which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were thrown was solved by a zinc bath full of tissue paper inverted over a dynamo of an electric fan from which the vanes had been removed, while Betty solved the difficulty of producing the 'leathery' noise of the saddling of horses and camels by pressing a squeaky shoe on a chair. A list of some 40 gramophone records for incidental music and stage effects is also supplied. The weakening of religious influence in the home to-day has resulted in a very serious increase in the shortage, for a long time experienced, in the supply of educated and competent voluntary Sunday school workers and, apart from anything else, these little plays should be a great help in arousing interest and attracting helpers for this most essential work.

A Useful Form of Service

A Service of Light and of Re-dedication in Toc H. Published by Toc H South Wales. 10s. per 100 (plus postage 1s.).

The forms used at annual services of Re-dedication in Toc H all over the world are now legion, but they vary little in their make-up. It has been calculated that units and districts spend on the printing of these forms, usually in quantities too small to be economical, about £2,000 a year. Here is a form of service which should meet all ordinary cases. It contains the prayers, hymns, litanies and ceremony that such a service normally needs; it can be used in its entirety or shortened to suit circumstances. This service, which is excellently printed in twelve pages, bears the mark of Sawbones' work. It has been already used in South Wales, and also at Liverpool, Oxford and Cambridge. Copies should be ordered from A. S. Greenacre, Toc H, Insurance Buildings, New Street, Cardiff.

Mystery

No Friendly Drop. By Henry Wade. Constable, 3/6.

With the approach of Christmas we are all keeping an open eye for suitable novels to send as gifts. For lovers of good detective fiction I can give the strongest recommendation to Henry Wade's excellent story *No Friendly Drop*. It is in no sense a sensational thriller. The scene is laid in the heart of the unspoiled countryside and the narrative abounds in local humour. The very quietness with which the mystery is relentlessly pursued to its destined unfolding enhances the fascination which holds us spellbound to the end.

TWO MEN IN A BOAT.—II

A further instalment of HARRY CHAPPELL's lively Diary of his voyage, mainly in oil tankers, with PADRE BOBS FORD half round the world for Toc H (see JOURNAL, July and October). This section begins at the point where they are leaving SINGAPORE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20: The Bishop deposited us on Johnsons Pier a few minutes before 7 a.m. and here we found Fearnside and Leonard waiting for us to see us off. The A.P.C. Launch was cruising round waiting to take us out to the Tanker. Ourselves and our luggage being packed on board, we said good-bye to our friends and watched them grow smaller and smaller as we threaded our way between native boats loaded with vegetables, or carrying Chinese to and from the ships at anchor. Out beyond the anchored ships the fishing boats lay, their sails gleaming in the morning sun above the mist which as yet still shrouded their hulks. As we got further out, the mist fell back and we saw the islands at the harbour-entrance, and across the channel the Oil Companies' Islands from which the Tanker was to come. Suddenly islands and sunlight were blotted out by a squall, which by the end of five minutes had cleared away, and we were in the roads but with no Tanker in sight. We then saw a ship steaming across and though she did not look like a Tanker we saw the name *Pinna* which we sought.

Up the almost perpendicular ladder we climbed and were on board our home for the next three weeks. Captain Thomas explained that the *Pinna* was a War Prize which had been converted into a water carrier for the Dardanelles, and that returning to a peace-time occupation she delivered oil, partly in drums and partly in bulk, to the Pacific Islands and Australia.

The first port of call is to be BALIK PAPAN in Dutch Borneo, where she takes on her full cargo from the refinery there. We spent the day in settling ourselves down, and making friends with the ship's officers and engineers. I won the toss for bunks and claimed the top one. We then tossed for the life-belt, which Bobs won, but to my relief we discovered another one shortly afterwards. Only one disappointment did the two 'supernumerary officers' have that day, which was that we crossed the Line without realising that we had done so. Among the more important information we gathered was where we could smoke, and having discovered the boat deck to be in bounds we have made full use of it, Bobs having with untold labour erected there his camp chair.

Sunday, August 21 to Wednesday, 24: These days passed away reading and sleeping until on Wednesday night we saw the lights of BALIK PAPAN across the darkness and we toiled up till midnight getting our mail ready.

Thursday, August 25: By seven o'clock we were anchored at No. 5 Wharf Balik Papan; the fires were put out, hatches opened and preparations made for loading the drum oil. Fussy little Diesel engine locomotives brought trucks of drums down to the wharf-head where they were unloaded by Indian coolies. All along the waterfront the Refinery stretched out its buildings, and behind on the steep hills aluminium-painted tanks stood out among the thick tropical vegetation. After breakfast we went with Capt. Thomas to the Company's Office and delivered our letter of introduction to Mr. Oosten, who arranged for us to be shown round the Refinery the following day. The rest of the morning we spent in the club, where great preparations were being made for celebrating the Queen of Holland's Birthday (August 31). The main residential quarter of Balik Papan is on the far side of the headland which forms the southern arm of the bay on which the Refinery is built.

The coast is lined with palm-trees and along the miles of sand the sea lazily laps the coast. The native fish-traps, in form like a huge arrow cutting the sea, lie at intervals along the coast. One, in fact, lies between No. 5 Wharf and the shore. The afternoon and evening we devoted to getting off our mail, except for a walk up to the club before dinner to stretch our legs.

Friday, August 26: We got up extra early and by eight o'clock were on our way to the Refinery with Mr. Bronxhausen. First of all we went to the Refinery proper, where the oils are distilled at various temperatures. Then to the canning factory, which was easier to appreciate because we could see a piece of tin sheeting turned into a petrol can and filled with petrol—a process taking ten minutes—instead of miles of pipes and vast plants whose very silence and heat made them awesome. The climax of our visit to the canning factory was when the manager picked up a four-gallon tin of petrol and hurled it on the concrete floor, which test it withstood so successfully that with greater fervour he dashed it down three or four times more, even then without causing a leakage. The wax plant was the next place to visit, and we here saw wax being crystallised out of the oil, first of all by running it through tanks kept at a low temperature, and then by putting it through presses, where it was held in large cakes by the canvas through which it was strained. Here the temperature was six degrees below zero. But if here we were in danger of being frozen, we were next to be in danger of being stewed, for having got the wax out of the oil, the next process is to get the oil out of the wax. For this purpose two methods are adopted—spraying and sweating. By the first method the molten wax is sprayed on to canvas through which the oil collected on the outside of the globules runs away. By this time it has reached a flaky condition, but it has yet to sweat the remnant of the oil out.

Mr. A. P. Herbert tells us through the medium of a chorus in *Derby Day* of the word 'sweat' that

'The word is deemed upsetting:
Though all Debrett were wet
With obvious exudation
One might not say 'they sweat'
That would be 'perspiration,'
For this is the law of all the Shires
That horses sweat but man perspires.'

Wax also can justly claim this word when in broad shallow trays piled one on top of the other it is packed in a room lined to the roof with heating pipes where its temperature is gradually raised till the oil sweats out, and the wax is ready for export, except for once more being heated up and poured into pans of such a size that the resultant cake can easily be packed into sacks.

This rather greasy business over, we went to look at the Company's swimming bath, where later in the day we went for a swim. Then, leaving the Refinery, we were shown the residential quarter on the north side of it and then taken on one of the few inland roads among the coconut palms, and around to the south side of the Refinery where is the other half of the residential quarter, calling on the way to see the Cracking Plant which stands sentinel-like on the top of one of the hills at the foot of which the Refinery is built. We also called on the R.C. Padre, who showed us his new church built right on the seashore under the shadow of the tall palms. Back through the native village to the store where we bought some cigars, and back to the Tanker by 12.30, in time

for lunch. Mr. Bronxhausen took some Toc H literature for us to Mr. Frankenburg, who was over from Miri studying oil problems. In the afternoon, in spite of the shrieking of the derricks loading the drum cargo, we had a nap.

After dinner in the evening we were sitting on the boat deck watching the grey light of the sunset over the island across the bay when Frankenburg, hearing that we were in port, came to call on us. As we hoped to visit Miri we asked how to get there if our Tanker brings us back to Balikpapan. It seems that there is no alternative but to go to Singapore, which seems a long way round to get from the south of the island of Borneo to the north. We were very glad to meet our visitor in this out-of-the-way spot for he was the only Englishman there and it was purely by chance that we heard of one another. We have had more exercise to-day than we have had for a long time, walking round the Refinery this morning and swimming this evening. One delightful feature of the swimming bath is that trout are kept in it, which happily rise and snap flies as you swim about.

Saturday, August 27: We sailed at 6 p.m. It rained all the morning so we got no chance of getting out for a walk. We now have ten days sailing before we reach THURSDAY ISLAND.

Sunday, August 28: The main excitement is that we are going down the MACASSAR STRAITS: "By the little Paternosters, as you come to Union Bank." Not that we saw anything, for the Paternosters were well on the horizon, but we passed by Union Bank. We have now ordered our time on board pretty well: sleeping hours, 10 p.m.—7 a.m., 1 p.m.—3.30 p.m.; Breakfast, 8.30 a.m.; Lunch, 12.30 p.m.; Tea, 3.30 p.m.; and Dinner, 6.30 p.m. A bout of Greek Testament immediately after breakfast. The remainder of the day reading and writing. We never seem to finish writing. Between tea and dinner we usually play deck tennis or quoits on the after-deck. This doesn't seem a heavy or varied day on paper, but it goes by quickly enough. We had some of the Poperinghe slides one evening, which went down fairly well, and intend to carry on with them again.

Sunday, September 4: This morning we took on a Pilot and had a medical inspection when we anchored off THURSDAY ISLAND; and got our first view of AUSTRALIA as we sailed down the coast of QUEENSLAND. In the evening Bobs held a service in the saloon, at which we had a full congregation; only those on watch being absent. We had only one failure in the hymns: when we started one too low, so that we grunted the low notes. Bobs called a halt and started again but pitched too high, and only landed up on a singable pitch by coming rapidly down a chromatic scale in a manner worthy of praise by the most modern of composers. We were defrauded out of twenty minutes again this afternoon, so that our nap was cut short, which won't do us any harm.

Wednesday, September 7: We are now getting near our destination; last night we passed Cairns and got a wireless message from BRISBANE just as we were starting off on the last of a lantern show. We are for the moment away from the reefs, which for the past three days we have been dodging in an incredible manner. The coast has become wooded and mountainous, though they are probably called hills. We are getting impatient to see something of what lies behind them. To-day we saw a whale for the first time on this trip. They should be very much in evidence, for it is the breeding season, but the cold wind is apparently keeping them under. To-night we go through WHITSUNDAY PASSAGE. Our speed is only nine knots, due to the wind we are getting into.

Thursday, September 8: Two whales came alongside just before mid-day and created great excitement. They apparently did not see the ship till they were within five yards of it. The wind continues and the sea gets rougher.

Friday, September 9 : Bobs is in danger of being chucked overboard. He is also in danger of being sick. The feeling on board is that if any whales come as near to-day as they did yesterday Bobs should be thrown overboard. He has for some days past been calculating the cabin capacity of a whale and has made his final arrangements in case he tranships. The other theory is that our bad weather is due to someone not having paid their washing bill. This is not so universal a view as that the ill-luck is due to having a Padre on board. Our speed has dropped to six knots, we shall not now be alongside BRISBANE on Saturday.

Saturday, September 10 : The wind has dropped and the sun is shining brightly again, so that we were able to say Matins on the boat deck. Bobs sighted a whale to port as we were dressing, but since the sea has calmed down a bit, he was not thrown over to it. We spent the afternoon in packing and are now more or less ready to disembark as soon as we go alongside to-morrow morning.

Sunday, September 11 : At 6 a.m. the port doctor came on board and gave us the once-over. Brisbane River seemed full of jelly fish this morning. If shoal be the correct word, there were shoals of them floating down-stream. A pelican or two swam about on the lower reaches or stood up in a solemn Sunday manner in the shallow water. We came alongside the oil wharf at 7.30 and there found a group of people who had been waiting for us, they would have us believe, on the jetty itself for the past three days. Jim Askell, Hudson, the State President, E. M. Catherwood, from the Shell office, Loney and one or two others. It took some time to get our luggage off and have it inspected by the Customs; then all was loaded into cars and we said good-bye to the *Pinna*, her Captain and Officers and Engineers. Bobs went to stay with Catherwood, who knew the Old House during the War, and I went to stay with Padre Parry, the Vicar of St. Mary's, Kangaroo Point. Kangaroo Point, a sheer cliff on the top of which the Church is built, overlooks the city. From here you look right down the river across the city to Mount Coot-tha, the city's famous viewpoint. On the opposite side of the river lies the centre of the city which is the only part where there are stone buildings. The houses throughout the suburbs are all wood. Greater Brisbane has an area of 385 square miles and a total population of 300,000! I went back to lunch with Catherwood and Bobs, after we had been to the Mission to Seamen, where we met Padre Hoog and talked over the plans for our stay in Brisbane. Bobs promised to take a Service in the evening for another Padre who had gone sick. So that our way split after lunch. I went back to Kangaroo Point.

Monday, September 12 : The new Toc H rooms are over a pawnbroker's. Bobs and I met on the doorstep at midday and went up to the Lunch Club which has also been moved and restarted up in the new rooms. Here we made one or two more new friends and stopped there till 2 p.m., when we went to sign off the *Pinna*, but there had been some delay so we went to call on the Lord Mayor, which appointment was at 2.30. Brisbane glories in a new Town Hall which cost a million pounds and is not yet paid for. Into this vast building we went to keep our appointment. The crowning moment of the afternoon—even more glorious than the moment when I got a better rate of exchange than Bobs for my Straits Settlement dollars—was when we 'signed off' and had our Certificates of Discharge stamped twice with the words "very good," once for ability and once for general conduct. At 5.30 we attended the Annual State Executive Meeting, which wisely began with a substantial tea. Then, the inner man being satisfied, Bobs and I sat quietly and listened to the problems, troubles and successes of Toc H Queensland, and a pretty healthy customer it seemed to be. The story of Queensland's

Year went on till 8 o'clock when members from NEWMARKET Group and some from the Branch came in for an extra meeting which had been hurriedly called, at which Bobs and I made our bow, and then showed some lantern slides of All Hallows and talked about it, and put on the records of the Prince of Wales' Speech on Social Service. We finally closed down at about 10.30 p.m.

Tuesday, September 13 : This morning my Lord heard from his old Parish. At 10.30 a.m. we went to Government House. Sir Leslie Wilson has just returned from his first tour to the north of Queensland, and gave us an enthusiastic description of the country. He found time to look up the Toc H Groups and Branches and was delighted with the work they were doing. He spoke enthusiastically about the Hostel at ROCKHAMPTON. After leaving Government House we called on the Bishop, who had returned that morning from a tour in his diocese. The Australian spring is the time when it is easiest to get up-country. The various Social Service Societies of the State work together through the Government Social Service Committee, of which the Bishop is a member. He told us that Toc H could always be relied on to do a job they had taken on. He told us also of the Birthday Festival. In the afternoon we went to MOUNT COOT-THA and looked over the city of Brisbane with its winding river and miles of corrugated iron roofs. In various parts of the bush in the distance bush fires were burning. The country has had no rain for some time and out of the city the water shortage is becoming acute in many places. Report has it that sheep are dying for want of water. This evening we went to the L.W.H. meeting—a very cheery crowd who are doing a good bit of work. The Lunch Club is their show. They have moved it to the new Toc H Headquarters and started it off again.

Wednesday, September 14 : This afternoon Bobs and I went down by car to REDCLIFFE to see something of the countryside. We had hopes also of bathing, but the tide was too far out. Instead we went in search of oysters and each armed with a spanner set out over the rock in search of them. It **must** be confessed that neither of us were sure what an oyster looked like when growing, but by watching other people **first** of all we soon gained sufficient knowledge of the procedure to start off on our own. Bobs decided that two oysters, together with a portion of their shells, was enough for him and I was willing to assent to this, so we returned to the car and went and had some tea at the local hotel. Our journey back was without any particular incident; our chauffeur gave us an explanation of how the bush was cleared by ringing the land to be protected before burning the bush. We parted company for the night on reaching the city and both went back to the houses where we were staying.

Thursday, September 15 : We began the morning by visiting the Museum to see the collection of corals that they had got together there from off the Barrier Reef and had them carefully explained to us. The corals kept us fascinated for a long time with the infinite variety of form and colour and we wished still more that it had been possible for us to see them on the reef itself. Our next object was to get rid of our topees by sending them off to PERTH to await our arrival, which also seemed to be carrying out the Australian idea of throwing your hat into a house before you enter to see if you are welcome or not by its remaining there or being returned to you. We started off from the Museum in search of a hat-box and landed up at a milliner's, where the owner tried to find a box for us, but being unable to do so sent us round to a box-makers. Thanking her, we went in search of the box factory and entered its portals wondering what they would have to say to our request for one hat-box. The request was launched and well-received: they had not got one but would make one and then and there said

that they would pack the topees and post them if we would leave the address and money. By this time we felt as though we had known everyone in the office for the greater part of our lives and thought this a splendid offer, so we parted with our topees, paid the requisite amount, thanked our friends in the office and went off on our next job. We then got lost in looking for the Post Office; after we had found it and sent off our letters we caught a tram to New Farm Wharf—the Oil Wharf—to see the *Pinna* off, as she was sailing at 1 p.m.

It was now about 12.30. The tram dropped us at the Wharf, and we set out to walk along to the Shell Wharf. We seemed to be getting no nearer to the jetty as we walked along the dock road, and it didn't take us long to discover that we had landed ourselves at the wrong end of the road. The time drew on and it was nearing 1 p.m. when we caught sight of the *Pinna*; by this time we were entangled in the gas works; this brought us no nearer, so we asked if there was a short cut, and took the one offered through the railway sidings. Finally, we reached the Shell Wharf, delivered up our matches, and were on the jetty in time to see the *Pinna* cast off, and taken into mid-stream by her tugs, before she got under weigh to visit the Islands of the Pacific, and with luck to return to Brisbane in time for Christmas. The morning was hot, and we were both hungry and thirsty, so we took the first tram back to the City and had a good lunch before we parted company till the evening meeting. At 6 p.m. we met the BRISBANE Branch at their rooms, and His Excellency the Governor having arrived, we sat down to tea about 35 strong. Tea went as all such teas do, we began in silence and gradually made more noise, as, the interior cravings being satiated, our tongues were loosed. Then, while still gathered round the tea table, I took Light. We then moved into the next room and started off singing, *Waltzing Matilda* leading the way. Bob and I are at last learning the meaning of *Billabong*, *coolibah tree*, *jumbuck*, *Matilda*, etc. Sir Leslie Wilson told us a bit about the up-country Branches and Groups he had seen. Bobs launched into the story of Toc H India and I finished up with something on Toc H at home. We had a good deal more boisterous singing until ten o'clock when Bobs took Family Prayers.

Friday, September 16 : We caught the Sydney Express and set off on our first Australian railway journey. A crowd of the Branch came down to see us off and made us feel very loath to leave Brisbane. We were rather alarmed by the fact that there was no dining-car attached: on enquiry we found out that the difficulty was overcome by the train stopping for 25 minutes on the way, once for lunch and once for dinner. These meals turned out rather good fun, for everyone treated them as rather hasty picnics, the game being to leap out of the train as soon as it stopped and get into the station restaurant. Here everyone helped themselves more or less, talked a great deal, ate quickly so that you are led to believe that much of this sort of train travelling must ruin the digestion, and got back into the train. It started raining soon after we left Brisbane and poured all day and all night so that there is a chance of good weather in SYDNEY.

Saturday, September 17 : We got out before reaching the City Main Station on the instruction of a telegram which we received last night at GRAFTON, and were met by Arthur Davis, the Sydney Secretary, and a representative of the Shell Company. There was a slight *fracas* with the Guard, who insisted on our luggage going right into the City. Then we went home with Bobs' host to breakfast. Arthur then took us into Sydney to the State Headquarters to meet Val Doultree, the Registrar. The Underground Railway of Sydney reminded us forcibly that Australia was not willing to be behind. Then we caught sight of the top of the Bridge, looking rather like the Big Wheel at Blackpool, as Bobs remarked. Finally, after plunging into tunnels for some time we

landed up in the heart of Sydney. On the fourth floor of No. 5, Hamilton Street, Sydney, are to be found the State Office and the Sydney Branch Headquarters; but more important than both we found Val (V. R. Doultree, Hon. N.S.W. State Registrar) at work in his office. From the moment he set eyes on us we knew that there was no escape, and he planned out at once a programme for our stay here. Various plans having been made and the luggage arranged for, Tim Healey and Ron Jones carted me off to stay with them, and took Bobs and Val along with us to lunch. We got on to one of Sydney's numerous ferries and went over to OLD CREMORNE, a journey which gave us a full view of the Bridge. The weather was vile, to put it mildly, and it poured with rain all afternoon, so that we put off all thought of going to MANLEY and talked hard instead. After tea we went for a short walk and got wet through, calling in at the Sea Scouts' place—the old whaling station—on our way back. In the evening we went into Sydney to a cinema show.

Sunday, September 18: Bobs and I did not come into contact with each other to-day. He went off and did a spot of preaching in the morning. Ron and I went off to MANLEY and bathed. This was to have been my introduction to surfing, but the waves were breaking too quickly, so we contented ourselves with plunging about in them, a practice which quickly took the breath out of you and kept you warm. In the afternoon Tim's flat filled up with still more members and we worked the lantern slides till the bulb failed and then talked of Toc H at home. This became rather involved, for when a place like '42' was mentioned, it had to be described, and then something you said about '42' needed explaining, so that we were miles away from the thing we had set out to talk about in a few minutes, and by the end of half an hour dozens more questions had cropped up. In this way we went along till 6 o'clock when I went into the City and had supper with Sir Grenville and Mrs. Ryrie, who were leaving Sydney next day. On my return we continued the talking till I am not certain what hour.

Monday, September 19: We made our way at midday to the Blue Tea Rooms where the Branch keep a table going every day, and here met more of the Branch. In the afternoon we called on Canon Lee, a great Toc H supporter who was laid up. On the way there we called at the P.O. for a registered letter from Tubby, which contained cuttings of Toc H adventures at home and a letter which made us all brace up. The Canon wanted to know all about him, so we could produce first-hand evidence of his activities. This evening we went to the Branch Guest-night at which, as usual, we both spoke. Sir Kelso King, Judge Harvey and Prof. Lovell all came along and added to the family, also Paul Slessor's brother. The rooms were packed when we sat down to the meeting after tea—which had had Australian rabbit in large quantities as its foundation—and the temperature rose as the singing got stronger. Tubby's letter was a great thing to have at the meeting, and it was requested that it should be printed in *The Link*.

"Whatever the troubles of the present times, yours is a land of destiny," writes Tubby. "Its influence is bound to be world-wide. Its people shape like a new race of rulers and if they can avoid the pitfalls of past history in Europe, the Pacific need never belie its name or be the awful scene of fratricide. I sometimes picture a new period when Europe has a pastoral population and the theatre of the world's affairs is staged around the edge of the Pacific. It will then matter more than anything whether men know their God and do His will within Australia and in the Islands of the Tasman Sea."

Tuesday, September 20: Bobs and Val went off to BATHURST and WOOLEROWANG this morning and return to-morrow. I remained behind in order to go to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax and to lunch with Professor Lovell at the University, one of the



ABOVE : *The River at Singapore, with native boats.*
BELOW : *The G.P.O., Victoria Theatre and Cricket Club.*
(By courtesy of the Malayan Information Agency, London).



ABOVE : In Queen Charlotte Sound, South Island.
BELOW : Lambton Quay, Wellington, North Island.
(By courtesy of the High Commissioner for N.Z.).

keenest supporters of Toc H Sydney. The morning was devoted to getting off letters for the mail, and the afternoon in seeing something of the University, which is well situated, though in rather a poor district of Sydney.

Wednesday, September 21 : At midday I met Bobs and Val, who were delighted with the time they had had in the mountains. In fact they seem to have had so hilarious a time that I could get no information out of them as to what they had done. All I could gather was that they saw Ted Davidson, had a great meeting at 'Wang, Val had eaten a cream bun, and had woken Bobs in the early hours of the morning by bouncing about on him as he lay in bed. However, the next thing to do was to lunch with Miss Norris, who had looked after Tubby and Pat when they were out here, which was another far from serious meal. We all went then and collected the cinema film which we had had developed, and had it put on the screen, and for the most part it was fair. We got saddled with a nasty developing bill, for which we were unprepared, not knowing that the developing was not included in the initial price of the films as at home. However, we recovered from that blow, and then made ready to go to MITTAGONG to the Group there, some eighty-four miles inland. We arrived soberly at Mittagong, ordered some food at a small restaurant, and went across the way to the pub. where we got a drink, being travellers, though taverns out here have a nasty habit of closing at 6 p.m. This, with the habit of the wireless programme of beginning at 7 a.m. with dance music, we considered to be the main defects of Australian civilization with which we had come into contact. We had our beer, and then our food, and then went over to the meeting, where we discovered we were supposed to eat again. Under this request we nearly broke down, but did our best. MITTAGONG Group was having its first Re-dedication; it is a Group in a small market town, and seems to have the town well in tow. That night we spent in Mittagong and were put up by some of the members.

Thursday, September 22 : In the morning we caught a glimpse of what the place looked like by daylight before we caught the train back to Sydney. This journey was one of our less dignified excursions, for, urged on by Val, we broke into song and kept it up until we reached Sydney itself, even here in the Underground Val needs must make the noise of a Kooka-Burrome, and on the platform we rendered "*Drink to me only*" to the astonishment of several grown-ups and a small child. Our next appointment was lunch at the Pioneers' Club with Sir Kelso King, who had also invited Judge Harvey, another great supporter of Toc H, N.S.W., and Padre Hines, one of the Hon. State Padres. Following quickly on the heels of this meeting came the appointment to see the Archbishop, to which we all three went. We came back from this visit only to collect our things once more and entrain for NEWCASTLE. It has poured with rain all day and during the afternoon with unwonted force, turning the streets of the City into torrent beds. This continued rain prevented us from seeing the Hawkesbury River to its full advantage, but not even the rain could spoil the beauty of the wide river, with its surrounding hills covered with trees right down to the water's edge. Along the winding valley the train runs for miles, opening up the wonderful scenery as it goes. Then we encountered rather duller scenery as the night fell, until by the time we reached NEWCASTLE it was quite dark.

The Branch at Newcastle had arranged an extra meeting so that we could meet them; they are a large branch, numbering about 60, and though it was an inconvenient night for a number of them, we filled up a very long table when we sat down to tea. After we had had knife and fork exercise to our content, we went up into the Toc H room at the top of the building and there carried on the meeting. The Branch is fortunate in

possessing a full-sized working model of a Carpenter's Bench, which acts as a focussing point for the whole room, and on which stands their Lamp. It looks so naturally a part of the room, and does not intrude the atmosphere of a Chapel into it, that it demonstrates to the stranger at once the naturalness of the Toc H outlook on religion.

Toc H has certainly come to stay in Newcastle; Bobs and I would gladly have remained there longer, for we badly wanted to see more of this Branch than we had an opportunity of doing. At the end of the meeting they took us to the Cathedral to see the Warrior's Chapel, where is kept ever burning the Forster Lamp of Toc H Australia, and here also is the Forster Memorial—a copy of the original in All Hallows. Here in this chapel with so much to link us to home and to Australia, Bobs took Family Prayers, and then we had to say good-bye to the Branch and go down to the ship.

The ship sailed at 11.30, and since we had achieved an appetite, Val had purchased before coming on board three dozen oysters and a quantity of bread and butter, the necessary beer to go with which we got on board. So the three of us sat on our cabin floor and had a picnic, savoured with a great deal of fooling, Bobs becoming almost sentimental over his oysters. None of us remembered what the sea was like that night; we were no sooner in bed than we were asleep.

Friday, September 23 : The ~~first~~ thing I knew this morning was that Bobs was being knocked out of bed early by the Steward, since he had to go back to Strathfield and pack. Val and I remained on board for breakfast, and then made off for his office, where we spent the morning doing odd jobs. Bobs came in at about 12.30 and we trooped off to the Blue Tea Rooms again for a ~~last~~ lunch. We had 'C. Squared' there, just out from home, and 'Daddy' Sykes of NELSON whom we had met in Brisbane, and a ~~host~~ of other folk whom we had met during the week. We arrived down at the boat with a dozen or so supporters, and soon had all things on board. Then the ship was cleared both of passengers and visitors, to search, we were told, for stowaways. While this was going on we met the Bishop, who being unable to keep his appointment with Bobs during the morning, had come down to the ship to see him. He remained for some time talking with us all, and then, the business of declaring ship being long-winded, he and some of our supporters, who also had appointments and offices to go to, went off. When we got aboard again, Bobs and I discovered why we had been offered streamers by numerous hawkers as we got aboard; for people on board started throwing them out to people on the wharf, and soon hundreds of paper chains were being waved about in the breeze. Bobs and I decided to wave our Australian Teddy Bears which we had bought as mementos. The Australian Teddy Bear is the Koala, a furry creature which lives in gum trees. As the ship moved out, C. waved her umbrella, the others their hats and we waved the Bears. The people with streamers walked to the end of the wharf and held on to their streamers till they broke, and the ship took us down the harbour, under the bridge and away towards the open sea.

We had a good view of Sydney Harbour as we steamed down and promised ourselves a good ~~rest~~ till we got to WELLINGTON. This was not to be quite as we had expected for the east wind was piling up the sea against the headlands as we came out of the harbour, and soon the ship was climbing to the top of one wave and then slipping down the other side. All this was unexpected and distressing. Bobs had little to eat at dinner and I not much.

Saturday, September 24 : A sparse attendance at all meals. I found that it was impossible to retain the latter half of all meals, but that between meals things were not so bad. Sunday was a much better day—I recovered. Monday it decided to come up rough again but I had by this time regained my composure. Bobs didn't get knocked off his feet as much as I did this time. We are bound to be late arriving at Wellington.

Tuesday, September 27: The sea since Saturday after a spell of calmer weather, got rough again and has made us a day late reaching WELLINGTON. We got our sea legs again during the calm break so that the second bout of rough weather did not upset us. We arrived in Wellington at 8 p.m. this evening, but cannot go ashore till to-morrow morning after the doctor has held a medical inspection. Bobs and I had our game of deck tennis disturbed this afternoon when a sailor suddenly dumped a hose pipe across the deck. There was a fire somewhere round about the Bridge, but as no one seemed concerned and the other passengers had not noticed anything we finished our set and then tried without any luck to see where the trouble lay. When we got down to our cabins we found that the lights had fused, which probably accounted for the trouble.

The lights of Wellington seem to be all round us as we lie in the harbour. It is too dark even to see the outline of the hills, but every now and then lights can be seen moving up and down among the stationary ones. We are impatiently waiting for the morning light to see our first port of call in NEW ZEALAND.

Wednesday, September 28: A dull grey morning—we are beginning to wonder if the stories we hear of sunshine here are myths. However, we could see Wellington built on the hillsides where on the open spaces the gorse and broom glows in yellow patches. Dr. Bowerbank, Maxwell (late of Calcutta), the Assistant Domex Secretary, who had come over from Christchurch with several others of the Branch and two representatives of the Shell Company, came to meet us, and having satisfied the Customs, reporters and photographers, we went up to the doctor's house, where we made more detailed arrangements with Max for our visit to New Zealand. At 1 p.m. we went to the Toc H rooms where we met some of the members and Padre Mackenzie, who took the weekly intercession Service in the Chapel, at which there were some twenty members present. We remained there talking till about two o'clock, when we went and did one or two odd jobs before going to Padre Mackenzie to meet several other Padres who were connected with the Groups in Wellington. Max came for us at 4.30 and took us back to Dr. Bowerbank's house, where we had dinner before boarding the *Takoa* at 6.30 to cross over to NELSON. We had thought we were having our legs pulled this morning when she was pointed out to us as the boat on which we were to go to the SOUTH ISLAND this evening, but here we are now on board her—a tiny boat of 300 tons which looked absurdly small in dock. We hope to be in by 7 a.m. This evening's paper contains an amusing collection of news. A Toc H tour, earthquakes in Greece, a cow's tail on fire, Hurricane Havoc in Porto Rico; Fire on board T.S.S. *Zealandia*—it turned out to be due to the electric light fusing and setting fire to the woodwork of the Captain's cabin—and an account of the buffeting the ship had received on her way from Sydney.

We had an interesting talk with a young fellow who came out here after leaving his public school four years ago, and has been travelling round Queensland with two horses, getting a job here and there. It seems that a job is fairly easy to get in the country—£2 plus your keep is the pay of a good man. The unemployed are all in the big cities.

Thursday, September 29: We arrived in NELSON at 8 p.m., having a magnificent view as we sailed up the long Bay which Capt. Cook called Blind Bay, for he hoped that there was a channel through the island. Away on the right the snow on MOUNT ARTHUR stood out clear against the blue sky, while on the left the city of Nelson lay in the arms of the hills, broadening on the natural harbour formed by a long shingle spit. The city, proud of its title 'The City of Sunshine,' has 7½ hours' sunshine on an average each day. On the quay we were met by members of the Branch, who took immediate charge of us and our luggage and whisked us away to breakfast. We spent the morning seeing

a little of the countryside, T. Hamilton Gibbs (Harry) taking us as far as WAKEFIELD in his car. The hills are golden with flowering gorse—a plant which with the blackberry is the curse of the New Zealand farmer—and from the top of the hills we had a glorious view across the bay. At lunch we met the Group Executive and got to know a lot about Toc H in the Province and in the City. Padre Raymer then took us off to have a look at the new Cathedral which is being built of local marble, the nave of which is soon to be dedicated. It has deep foundations and it is hoped that it will withstand any future earthquakes like that which two years ago damaged the town and ruined the College.

At 6 p.m. we went along to the tea which preceded the Guest-night and met the Group in full force and a few of the members of the outlying Groups which were able to fit in time for it. Among the latter were two from TAKAKA, a town in the hills eighty-five miles away over rough country. Takaka is the place where the marble is quarried for the Cathedral, and it also has asbestos and iron mines. Judging from the reports we heard of it from Padre Nailor and his companion, it is a grand place. They did not leave the meeting, which was their *first* Toc H meeting of a unit, till 10.30 and hoped with luck to be home by 3 a.m. After tea there was a great deal of noise and a greater amount of singing till 8 p.m., by which time folk had rolled up from WAIMEA, MATUEKA and MAPUA, where new Groups are springing up. Then there was Alec Trail who had come in from the Mountains where he had been after gold and the alluvial deposits. The meeting didn't break up till about 11 p.m.; many were the questions about Toc H at home and the problems out here ranging from the question of a whole-time Padre for New Zealand to a request from one of the Groups for letters from a unit at home who could keep them in touch with Toc H thought. At *last* we came home with Cliff Hunt and found Mr. and Mrs. Hunt still waiting up for us to know how the meeting had gone. After a chat round the fire and a cup of tea we went quickly to bed.

Friday, September 30: In search of exercise this morning we took to the hills with Padre Raymer and Pat Jaques. These two led us to the highest points, where, surrounded with the yellow gorse, we looked across the bay to the hills of Takaka and Mount Arthur. Up here we spent the whole morning talking of Toc H out here and at home and after having eaten our lunch we went back to Padre Raymer's house, where I had a wash before going to talk at Nelson College, and Bobs went back home to prepare a talk for the wireless later in the evening.

Nelson College has a beautiful main building very like a public school at home; the *last* earthquake did it a great deal of damage, all of which has not yet been repaired. The School Chapel is still out of commission and the main building has a huge gap where its central tower crashed down and landed up on the playing field. I was much luckier than the boys for they had to listen to me for half an hour, whereas they took me off afterwards to see the preliminary rounds of their boxing contest. Pat Jaques came with me on this trip, which we thoroughly enjoyed. As we left we met the Bishop and had a long talk with him and then went down into the city. Here we met half a dozen or so other members and went and sampled New Zealand beer. We found Bobs and Cliff Hunter, as we were going back to the house, going to climb up the top of a hill which is claimed to be the centre of New Zealand, so we added ourselves to the party.

In the evening Bobs "went on the air," which is New Zealand for broadcasting; after which we all trooped round to see Joe Russel and got back about 10.30. We have to get up at 5 a.m. to-morrow to catch the service car to CHRISTCHURCH, so endeavoured to get to bed before midnight.

(To be continued—as instalments arrive).

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

Birthdays and Elder Brethren

DEAR SIR,

They did not think that they were brave,
With thought's whole effort on their tasks
they died

In cold mud: there no ceremonial pride
Of conscious sacrifice. They did not wave
Banners to testify to what they gave.
The few who felt a glory strove to hide
It deep in pencilled scrawls to friends well-
tired

And mothers. Some can even show no
grave.

Yet we who sometimes help another man
And spare a copper or an hour or two
(And sometimes don't) can't do it quietly,
And steal still more time from our tasks to
plan

Elaborate boasts in guildhalls. Do—oh! do
Let's shove a sock in it!

Yours,

G. K. T.

Armistice Day, 1932.

The Poor Old Journal

EDITOR'S NOTE: A number of letters continue to come in from correspondents who do not agree with the writers in last month's issue that this JOURNAL is "dying on its feet," that it needs "pepping up" with athletic reports, political articles, a page of jokes and so on, until it can take its place on the bookstalls in competition with the regular magazines. We do not propose to print all the letters in defence, for that would argue a lack of sense of proportion. Here are a few extracts:—

"Do not let adverse criticism get your tail down (*on the contrary, it is a tonic.*—ED.). The JOURNAL in its present form is unique . . . it should *not* be a public journal and certainly not on sale at bookstalls—so do not be tempted to play to the gallery."—T. J. FORDHAM, Edmonton Branch.

"If you do decide to introduce regular features of an athletic, political and humorous interest, thus endeavouring to replace *Tit-Bits* (at which you will probably be a miserable failure) I make a petition that such articles shall be printed on a different coloured paper—say a pale pink or an attractive mauve—and the rest of the JOURNAL on white paper as it is now, so that we shall know where to look for the stuff at which you excel. For the rest your rivals will be better. Don't our daily papers give enough information about sport? Political articles will merely tend to split up Toc H. As for humour, *Tit-Bits* and the *Humorist* are only 2d.—and you can never hope to rival *Punch*."—C. A. ROACH, Cambridge.

"I cannot agree that the JOURNAL is 'dying on its feet.' Speaking as one who has in his possession a copy of every issue that has been printed, I *know* that it is building—and building bravely—while covering in its articles matters which are of vital interest to those of its readers who can appreciate that we have set out on a voyage and not merely on a cruise. Now, you can lead a horse to water and even though you cannot make it drink at the first attempt, yet you can still lead it there. So, too, the JOURNAL can strive to lead its readers to a better appreciation of that which is worth reading—and to my way of thinking it is a finer thing for our Editor to act thus than to serve up reading largely of a superficial character. . . I admit the value of reporting speeches and discussions at a greater length, but one must bear in mind that this would add immensely to increase in the charge—and it is a known fact that criticisms have already been levelled at its present cost."—H. LEIGH GROVES, Windermere.

"I look forward to reading the JOURNAL every month very much indeed, and my reasons are as follows: (1) It is different from the average 6d. magazine, in that it is *not* a series of advertisements threatening or

cajoling you into buying something you don't want, and interspersed with reading material which, in many cases, is more fit for the dust-bin than for the human intelligence; (2) Its illustrations are worth looking at and studying. . . ; (3) If I want to be amused, I will try and find a humorous paper. . . If I wish to read of domestic matters, I can find a paper devoted to that end. Likewise with sport or drama or other topics. . . But only in one JOURNAL can I find matter authoritatively dealing with Toc H—so please let us keep it along the present lines. . . Toc H, carried to its logical conclusion and taken at its highest and fullest, can bring about the Kingdom of God on earth, and the printed page can be of very material help towards that end. It is the end to which the JOURNAL is pledged, with the rest of things and people in Toc H. So please keep this end in view, and pay not too much heed to the pipers in the Market Place, all of whom seem somewhat vague in stating exactly what they *do* want.”—A. L. COLLINS, Milton and Eastney.

If we may be permitted to answer two points in the criticism of J. F. BATEMAN last month: (1) He wrote, “Is it not possible for Area Secretaries to collect in summarized form the activities of their Areas, and conclusions to be drawn from them? These, I suggest . . . could appear quarterly.” This is the procedure which *has* been adopted for exactly two years—since the November issue, 1930—except that Area Secretaries (or the deputy appointed by them) report half-yearly, not quarterly, owing to limitations of space. (2) “Speeches and discussions at festivals and conferences might well be reported verbatim where possible.” The main speeches (*e.g.*, the Prince of Wales, Tubby, etc.) at National Festivals *are* always reported verbatim. If this procedure were used in the case of all festivals and conferences mentioned in the JOURNAL we should need a volume of oratory like Hansard—at an appropriate price in guineas!

(*This correspondence must now cease.*—ED.)

MULTUM IN PARVO

✂ There will be news next month of our plans for *Eastern Canada* (Ontario and the Montreal District). It has been settled that BOB SAWERS is to be lent by Toc H Scotland to Eastern Canada for about four months from December 31. Colin A. Macpherson, a member of the Scottish Area Executive, has made this arrangement possible by offering to act as Honorary Area Secretary during Bob's absence. This offer has been gladly accepted by the Area and Central Executives.

✂ Mark I (C), Winnipeg, has received a welcome visit from Padre LESLIE BECKLEY, late of All Hallows, who has discarded all his plans and settled down for the winter as Hon. Padre of the House and Branch.

✂ It is now no secret that “one of our young Area Secretaries” who is to go with Padre OWEN WATKINS to South Africa in the New Year (see October JOURNAL, p. 343) is GEOF-FREY MARTIN, Assistant Secretary, London Area. His new appointment is for two years. Good luck to him!

✂ Air-Marshal Sir ROBERT BROOKE-POPHAM and Major H. SHINER (“Shi”) have been appointed Vice-Presidents of the Association until March, 1935.

✂ The next FIVE-A-SIDE SOCCER TOURNAMENT for the W. J. Musters' Cup (see April JOURNAL) has been fixed for April 8, 1933, in London. Teams from the Provinces will be very welcome competitors. Entries to Leslie Hawkins, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

✂ *Silver Wedding*: Sincere congratulations to JAMES HAMILTON LINDSAY (Hon. Overseas Commissioner for India) and Mrs. Lindsay, married on November 18, 1907.

✂ In Birmingham Town Hall on Sunday, December 11, Barkis will conduct the Ceremony of Light at 9 p.m. at a Toc H Evening for Birmingham people. The West Midlands Birthday Festival will then conclude with the Christmas Mime “At the Sign of the Star.”

Miscellaneous Advertisements

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THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

Australia

ALTHOUGH it cannot be said that Festivals are in the air, the fact is that reports are full of them for they have materialised, become concrete. So pray silence for some words on the South Australian Birthday at Adelaide. The *Magpie* speaks: "It was seven years ago, on August 4, that Tubby came to Adelaide and started Toc H. Those who were present then cherish an ineffaceable memory of the occasion—its amazing informality, its deep sincerity and purpose, and its unbounded humour. Those who were initiated in the early days pledged themselves, as probationers do to-day, to build bravely, and few could have felt unmoved at the Guest-night at the Exhibition Building as they watched the procession of nineteen banner bearers and a similar number of members bearing Lamps and Rushlights of nineteen Units. It was truly eloquent evidence of the growth of the tiny seed which Tubby planted—a small group of five members. At the big Guest-night there were nearly three thousand people present, which was an indication of the hold Toc H has taken in Adelaide. A notable feature of the evening was a procession of thirty-three men who carried banners representing the countries of the world in the national costumes of the respective lands. These were followed by the bearers of the Lamps, Rushlights and Banners of all the units in South Australia, and at the head of them was carried the double transom cross."

On July 27, a Rushlight was presented to the *Magill* (13) Group by members of the Extension Board. It was an occasion for a gathering of members from the sponsoring Branch, *Payneham*, and from other units. The room was decorated with a variety of symbols which are looked upon as being unlucky. One entered the room under a ladder with thirteen rungs, on the walls was a picture of a cross-eyed Chinaman, a broken mirror, peacocks' feathers surmounting placards with the figure "13" boldly inscribed, and on the backs of the chairs were ingeniously made ash-trays with a horseshoe painted on each, showing all the luck running out, centred again by the figure "13."

In Western Australia the *Subiaco* Group has started a boys' club to be called "Kitch's Club," holding as its patron saint Lord Kitchener. It is this Group who, wishing to increase the average age and solidarity of the membership held a Father's Night. The speaker of the evening happened to have as his subject "Safe Working on the Railway." But no doubt it was a subject carefully chosen for its attractiveness to the heads of families. The headquarters of this state have gone a-jaunting with the *Perth* Branch, and by now they have settled down together in a new home in the centre of the city. Space is abundant. One office is dedicated to the State secretaries, the other to the chief office clerk, and the Branch has a room for meetings entirely separate, from which the State War Memorial is in view. There is also a large hall suitable for guest-nights and conferences, in which the three clubs conducted by the Branch will find housing. Report has furnished the other spare rooms as a chapel, a library, a guest room, and a boys' changing room. Altogether, the premises provide a happy-hunting-ground for members at lunch time.

Mauritius

In this small island, remote in the Indian Ocean, where once the dodo lived and loved, Toc H has come to stay. This is what the Padre has to say about it in a letter to Tubby: "The infant was born last night about 10 p.m., and it did not require any

midwife's slapping to persuade it to use its lungs. In other words, Toc H Mauritius is now on the map. I had a long talk with Overseas Office before leaving England and glibly vowed to do nothing but exercise my eyes and ears for two years or so. But events and circumstances have simply shoved me along. Among others, I found that the Bishop is very keen and that the need for Toc H is patently evident. Together with our civilians, we have a Warrant Officer of the Garrison, a couple of sappers, and a European police officer. It may not sound very mixed, but for Mauritius it was a bit of a revolution in itself. We broke rules by holding the meeting in the Bishop's house, not because he is a bishop, but because his house is the **most** convenient bachelor establishment. And he has a piano!

"Soon after I came here I began to refer to Toc H as much as I dared, but the final push came, curiously enough, from a Mothers' Union meeting. They wanted me to talk about something 'not too religious,' so I suggested Toc H! They fell for it like a conger at a shrimp. Afterwards they said, 'Well, why don't you get it going in Mauritius?' And that disturbed my conscience. Hence last night's meeting. After due discussion, as I say, about 10 p.m. it was decided to begin 'groping.' Apart from the more obvious jobs, there is one important thing we can do. That is, to build up a body representative of the small British community—there is only the Military Gymkhana Club at present—and by so doing, to give the old Empire a leg up by quietly breaking down the absurd lack of understanding between soldier and civilian, between civil servant and business man, between French Mauritian and English Mauritian. If that is half accomplished in the next fifty years, Toc H will deserve considerably more than the O.B.E."

Another correspondent writes: "Let me tell you about the type of activities we find to hand at the moment. There is hospital visiting at the civil and military hospitals here. A large amount of shipping comes into the harbour, and as the port is not in any sense a residential quarter, something can be done about the merchant seamen who find themselves here often for some time. Charitable institutions and orphanages need our aid, and Scouts are already going well, and many more jobs will turn up as we develop."

Southern Africa

THROUGH the medium of the *Compass*, Southern Africa has been reviewing the internal situation, in these words: "Across the six years that the Light from Flanders has been ours can be written a record of failure and success, disappointment and hope, and a growth that is probably more solid than we have often imagined. When Uncle Harry paid his first visit there were tiny beginnings at *Keiskama Hoek* and *East London*; when he left some six months later, thirty-five teams stretched from Table Bay to Rhodesia, and to-day the Family numbers twenty-six Branches, fifty-five Groups, and there is the possibility of Groups in nineteen other places. For the whole of the Union and Rhodesia, excluding the copper belt, where economic conditions took a hand in affairs, the units which had ceased to exist as such since 1926 could probably be counted on two hands, and included in the fifty-five Groups are a few which have long been dormant. In all these places, however, a fire smoulders which, in God's own time, must burst into flame. So much for the figures, what of the facts?

Let it be said at once that Toc H South Africa has been abundantly worth while if only for two major reasons. Five years ago it was difficult, and sometimes impossible, for a Group to have a fair discussion on the relations between European and Bantu—mistakenly called "the native problem"—still less to induce members to do a job of

work among the native peoples. To-day, probably every unit in the country has had many discussions on the question, and will welcome many more, while jobs in the locations and native townships are increasing. Five years ago, *Toc H* South Africa was almost wholly English-speaking. To-day, while it is true that the big majority of members are still of English stock, we can point to a steady influx of our Afrikaans-speaking fellow South Africans, and, what is more, among them many with whose political views probably the bulk of the membership disagrees. We welcome them in the name of our great Elder Brother, and we are honoured to share with them the highest traditions of the Elder Brethren on their side in the same way that they claim with us the remembrance of those who are known to us. The divisions of yesterday, if we will it, can become the bonds of to-day. *Toc H*, we believe implicitly, has the way to confound and overcome the racialism which seems to be raging round us now with greater bitterness than South Africa has known for some years."

What is a baby's first action in this world? It cries. What is the next outstanding achievement as it grows up? It talks. And then? It writes. Thereafter it is grown up, and talks and writes until the last Act closes. These are the three ages of Man. Even so does *Toc H* grow up. When such a stage is reached that *Magazines*, *Newsletters*, *Bulletins*, etc., come pouring out, it is a safe conclusion that the units concerned are growing up rapidly. Such is the position in Southern Africa. *Toc H* *Unathi*, an eight-page printed affair, has invaded the field; Rhodesia has invested in a provincial circular, *The Trail*, and the *Natal Provincial Bulletin* carries on quietly. We sincerely hope that they will survive their first issue, which is a regular Bechers' Brook for newcomers. While on this theme of writing, we must record a mixed metaphor to be found in certain current *Toc H* literature. "It is not cricket," says the paper, "to expect the newest apprentice to build a cathedral."

Late Night Final

THE intelligent reader has realised already that the Overseas News in the *Journal* is necessarily incomplete and fragmentary. The following list is designed to encourage our readers to subscribe to at least one Overseas Journal, and so to complete their vision of the family, 'from China to Peru.'

Australia: *The Link*. Monthly, 3/6 per annum. Editor, 476, Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

Europe: *Toc H on the Continent*. 6d. quarterly. F. C. Woodard, 5, rue Champ de Mars, Brussels.

Malaya: *The Little Journal*. Monthly, free, postage extra. Editor, S. G. Grant, 1298, Circular Road, Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S.

New Zealand: *The Ventilator*. Monthly, 2d. Editor, c/o Box 742, Christchurch, New Zealand.

India: *The Lamp*. Monthly, 5/- per annum. The Business Manager, "The Lamp," 2/2, Lansdown Road, Calcutta.

Ontario, Canada: *The Midnight Sun*. Monthly, \$1 per annum. Editor, 614, Huron Street, Toronto.

South Africa: *The Compass*. Bi-monthly, 3/- per annum. The General Business Manager, P.O. Box 3624, Johannesburg.

South America: *The Mark*. Bi-monthly, \$3.00 Argentine paper per annum. Editor, Mark I, (S. America), Chacabuco 723, Buenos Aires, Argentine.

DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

From the North Western Area

Despatches from the Eastern and East Midlands Areas and Scotland will be published in the January issue.

DEAR GREENO,

In last month's JOURNAL Monty wrote a chatty letter to Alan. We are always ready to imitate people who graduated in Manchester and so I am going to write to you and afterward send it to the JOURNAL.

I have now celebrated my first birthday as Area Office factotum for your old Area. I have been taking stock of myself and the job and the Area—the result of the first doesn't bear recording, that of the second is as yet incomplete and herewith is an attempt at the third.

I have had some of the usual experiences of all newcomers in all movements. The good old days are ever with us; they are set to music and the music is a dirge. "*Ichabod!* The Glory hath departed! Once the spirit spread like wildfire through the Area, changing chaps, galvanizing corpses into extraordinary vitality, but now—woe is me for we are undone." Have you met that in your Area? I hope so, for it is really encouraging. It means that Youth is stirring and disquieting Old Age. Sometimes I am thrilled by the comments of old-timers with whom we both served long ago because they grouse and work, others grouse and are miserable because they have ceased work and unemployment is depressing. Meanwhile, thanks to members in each district in whom the fire burns with an intense heat, real progress is being made. Some of our Branches show signs of senility but there are always indications of new growths shooting up round the feeble body, and sometimes through the waistcoat buttonholes of the clothing in which it is dressed. Groups are steaming heroically into the Branch Harbour but some of them have had a stormy passage. I think I hear them singing "Safe home, safe home in port, torn sails, provisions short, and only not a wreck!" All the names will be familiar to you: *Bootle, Bramhall, Bury, Farnworth, Oldham, Preston, Rochdale, Wallasey, Warrington, Withington*. At Birmingham their Lamps will be trimmed and burning bright. Some of them will need re-conditioning for their new responsibilities; others have been living the life of Branches for a long time as Groups.

Many Groups and Branches are finding joy in pro-creating their species. The progenies have all got a very real family likeness—some of them are rather too much like their parents—that is somewhat trying for both parents and children! The parents cannot help their appearance and the infants have to accept the features with which they were born. It is a mercy, however, that life takes a hand and gives different character to similar features. The names of the babes are: *Ainsworth, Aintree, Askham, Burneside, Earby, Gorton, Hawkshead, Heaton Moor, Heywood, Horwich, Orford, Ravonstondale, Rossendale, Wavertree, Weaste*.

How are you getting on with the Village Groups? They are a real problem to themselves. They lack speakers and they are at a loss as to how to vary their family parties. The same personnel meet on almost all Village Committees, and they have become very aware of each other's trying idiosyncrasies. Nevertheless, they are building bravely. Sometimes we get ready for a funeral, the mourners are present, the Padre is ready and suddenly the corpse sits up, thumb to nose and says "We are not dead yet." It is rather upsetting, for a funeral without a body is grotesque. Have you any special brand of oxygen you can recommend for resuscitation?

Do you remember Padre Cotes of Mid-Cheshire? He was District Padre, but is now Rector of Preston-Patrick at Endmoor. We are ever so bucked that he remains in the Area. There has been a real outbreak of marriageitis amongst District Officials. The lucky victims include the aforesaid Padre Cotes, Alf Worrall, Frank Greaves and Skipper Forrester. It is fine to think of these folk setting up Colonies of the Kingdom of Heaven. There are others living at the Cape of Good Hope—but more of them in a later despatch!

Doc. Bourill of *Orford* is a specialist in 'Toc H' midwifery. He attends parents and nurtures their youngsters like an expert. It would be impossible to mention all the people who are spreading the light. *Stockport* are giving a full-time Padre (John Palmer), who has been very valuable to his District, to *Birmingham* in the New Year. He is well over six foot and slim to match—he calls himself the human pull-through! You will be glad to know that *Manchester* and *Salford* are setting a good pace to other Districts—they are seeing things big. Some of their jobs are making people glad that 'Toc H' was ever born. Our Michael has launched a Boys' Club at the Mather Institute, which is a real joy and a fine training ground. *Manchester* has got the active co-operation of the City Librarian for the stocking of the Hospital Library at the Royal Infirmary. Arthur is proud of the way Units are backing the Blood Transfusion Service, which is run from the Area Office. We are still seeking hopefully the mind of Christ for *Bleak House*, and meanwhile *Hulme* Branch is carrying on with real joyalty of spirit. Colin still lives in *Bleak House* and after wondering who and what this stranger from *Leicester* was, they are now recognising the worth of his dogged realism. *East Lancashire* is facing the depression of the cotton situation with a spirit of hopefulness, and they are now feeling their way to a division of the District which is made necessary by growth. *Liverpool* is throwing up leadership of the best kind slowly but surely. It is a joy to see the efficiency of their work and to feel the spirit which emanates from those who are guiding them through their difficulties. 'Toc H' is now definitely on the map in *Liverpool*. Time and space fail me to tell of *Bolton* with its hard, solid building, of *Furness* and *Westmorland* who bravely keep the flag flying at a great distance from their base, and of *St. Helen's* whose District Team has become such a real Family. I can say with great thankfulness that the Area makes those of us who are on the staff proud to be linked with it. Most Districts are now keenly anxious to meet together for Conference and I have learned much from Secretaries and Jobmasters who have shared their difficulties frankly. We are proud that the idea for the new 'Toc H' Map of the World was born in the mind of Leigh Groves at the *Westmorland* District Committee. I am sure it is going to be useful. The Missionary spirit is spreading. We do not yet pay our way, but at any rate our contributions this year are a record and finance is becoming as it should, a spiritual matter, rather than a 'snatch and grab' campaign conducted by Headquarters. One man has sent one-tenth of his capital and many others have given sacrificially.

We have just finished the Area Rally. The Office is sweeping up the fragments that remain. Pat and Padre Costain (Ajax) heartened us greatly; after the Cathedral Service, at which Canon Rose spoke to us with real directness, we all crowded into the Y.M.C.A. It was raining in torrents outside but the inside weather was salubrious. Some got drenched before they could get in because eagerness temporarily conquered wisdom, another name for which is queuing. There were any number of snags, but the Area met 'en famille.' One visitor said "How cheerful everyone is when things go wrong."

I really must dry up and I hope you are enjoying your job as I am mine. It is lovely to hear men wondering why they never see the Area Staff—our wives and sweethearts wonder the same, and (dare I say it?) with the same patient good humour.

Cheerio, keep the flag flying.—Yours, ARTHUR.